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HITLER'S PLANS AND TROUBLES

THE British press has been full of the controversies and unrest in Germany, the repression and shootings in Czechoslovakia and supposed hesitations of Hitler. On the first point well-informed neutral observers, just returned from Germany, inform us that Germans are now astonishingly outspoken in their detestation of the war and their dislike of many aspects of the Nazi regime. Such grousing and criticism about the shortage of rations and the policy of the Government would be a safety-valve in a democratic country, but it is dangerous in the long run to a dictatorship. But no opposition movement can now exist under which the German people can rally, even if a large enough number of them wish to, and we should be deluding ourselves if we expect any violent change in Germany in the near future. Clearly Britain and France should make it their concern to convince ordinary Germans that peace is possible without the destruction of their country. There is great discontent among the industrialists, who now complain that they are practically managers under the State, and there are many middle-class Germans who object to the growth of what they describe as a communistic tendency in the Nazi Party. But the rigorous State control for military purposes imposed by the Nazis has in fact nothing to do with Communism which implies a revolt from the people, and while there is much objection amongst good Nazis and capitalist Germans to the German-Soviet Pact soldiers view it as a military necessity.

As for Hitler's supposed hesitations, the only serious evidence for them is the apparently last-minute decision not to proceed with the invasion of Holland. We believe that invasion was touch and go on the night that King Leopold visited Queen Wilhelmina. He had received a visit from a highly placed Nazi, who wished to know what attitude the King would take to the invasion by a German army. As we understand from official German plans, of which we gave a summary at the beginning of this war, the Germans intend to remain on the defensive on the land until the Spring, to continue the war by sea and not to indulge in any extensive bombing during the next few months. The date now rumoured in Germany for the beginning of an overwhelming attack in the West is May 1st. For that Göring is to save his best aeroplanes, store his petrol and complete the training of the German army. An enormous fleet of submarines is said to have been laid down by the Germans at the beginning of the war and the whole machine would be launched, if this plan is not mere propaganda, against Britain at the beginning of May. The German military authorities calculate the defeat of Britain by mid-July.

Meanwhile the Nazi plan is to consolidate their position with Russia and all over the East of Europe. The Jews are to be thrown into what amounts to an enormous concentration camp in Poland and all resistance is to be crushed out in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The most intensive methods of repression are already at work. The Czech universities are closed, a number of Czech students and others have been executed and an even larger number thrown into Buchenwald and other concentration camps. Large new drafts of Gestapo have recently gone into Prague. The particular occasion for this new measure is said to have been Dr. Hacha's refusal openly to repudiate the plans of Dr. Benes for the Czechs to aid the Allies. Dr. Hacha could only be prevailed upon to issue a statement urging the Czechs to maintain restraint and orderly conduct. Our information from Czechoslovakia suggests that they have not in fact departed from this policy. They know that revolt is premature. The point of Nazi action at this stage is to provoke them into hostilities which can be ruthlessly punished. The Nazis are well aware that the Czechs and the Poles will be dangerous to them if the war long continues. Their plan is to crush the national spirit of both peoples before the war seriously begins. Is there any case in history of tyranny succeeding in wiping out a strong national consciousness? Totalitarianism in Germany has succeeded, in so far as it is a success, at least as much by propaganda as by terror and German propaganda will not undermine the Czech spirit.

Reprisal

The sharp and continuous decline in the shipping casualties due to the U-boats had led us into a premature optimism. Over the week-end no less than nine ships were sunk, but the agency at work was no longer the torpedo but the mine. Some of these vessels were trawlers and tramps of small tonnage, but two liners have gone down, one Dutch, the other Japanese, in the former case with heavy loss of life. The mines are laid by submarines, and they violate international law, since they are not so constructed as to become harmless if they break away from their moorings. The fixed minefield is, so to speak, a form of trench-warfare at sea: it walls off a given area or closes certain sea-roads. The German mines, on the other hand, act like bombers who may make their appearance anywhere. In reply to this device the British Government has retaliated by assuming the right to confiscate all German exports. This is, of course, contrary to international law; it can be justified only as a merited reprisal. It was not done until a considerably later stage of the last war. It will cripple German efforts to buy in America through neutral and triangular channels, but there will be more to spare for Russia and the Balkans. Public opinion in this country has, of course, welcomed this evidence of determination. The rage of the Nazi press was to be expected, but if we expect the neutrals to endure such drastic measures without complaint, we shall have to pay more attention to their political judgment. Our stock, to take a concrete case, has sunk heavily in the U.S.A. since we alienated Indian opinion.

Q.E.D.

It was, of course, the British Secret Service that tried to blow up Hitler at Munich and failed—a singular exploit, since it had been announced that he would not make his usual appearance at the anniversary feast this year. It seems that after prolonged obstinacy, one Elser, has furnished the Gestapo with a detailed confession. The means taken to overcome his contumacy are not stated. This said, the Gestapo then admits that it kidnapped two supposed British agents during a shooting affray at Venloo on the Dutch frontier. The connection is not apparent. But if we may believe the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the relatively sober organ of the German Foreign Office, political murder is a monopoly of the British Secret Service. It slew every famous victim from the Archduke Ferdinand at Serajevo to King Alexander at Marseilles. The list is surely incomplete. We miss the names of General Schleicher and Chancellor Dollfuss.

Anglo-French Co-operation

Last week-end the Supreme War Council announced that arrangements had been entered into for the fullest possible co-ordination of Anglo-French resources in the economic as well as in the military sphere. This joint action is to cover all imports of food, raw materials and munitions of war, including the allocation of shipping space. It is also to cover the blockade and other measures of economic warfare; and the announcement states that it will, if need arises, be further extended to other fields of activity. The plan will be worked through a series of Anglo-French Committees, under a general Anglo-French Co-ordinating Committee; and one of its principal objects will be to prevent competition between the Allies in ordering supplies in neutral countries. There will be, in fact, joint import plans, including joint arrangements for transport; and presumably, though nothing is said specifically about finance, there will also be joint action in providing the necessary foreign exchange. On paper, these projects seem very far-reaching. Clearly, as they are put into effect, the Ministries in the two countries dealing with supplies will find themselves practically subject to a superior authority. What remains obscure is how this authority is to be constituted so as to preserve the realities of control by the two Governments, unless the Supreme War Council is to turn in effect into a regularly meeting Anglo-French Cabinet. That, however, is clearly impracticable as long as it is composed of members who have other heavy duties to perform—departmental on the British side, but on the French military, for in France the General Staff appears now to have almost completely superseded the politicians.

Labour Control in France

In France, the Government continues with its measures designed to tighten its control over the labour market. In effect, the latest batches of decrees involve an almost complete stabilisation of wage-rates, including payment for overtime beyond the statutory working hours, and a similar stabilisation of the existing machinery for collective bargaining about all other issues, with compulsory arbitration held in reserve when the parties fail to agree. One interesting provision supersedes for the war period the election of workshop delegates by the workers in the various establishments, and vests the control of these appointments in the Trade Unions. This is plainly a precaution against possible capture of the shop steward

machinery by Communists or pacifists, and is part of the general attempt to suppress the French Communist movement. Together with the control of wages, which can now be altered even by agreement only subject to Government approval, goes the control of prices, which are being prevented, wherever possible, from rising above the pre-war level, except in the case of imports affected by the external value of the franc. It remains to be seen how long the Trade Unions will accept the role of acting as the protectors of the State against the Communists, who are strongly represented in them; but for the time being the French Trade Union and Socialist movements seem to be too divided to act effectively in influencing the Government's policy.

Trust-busting Again?

Now that the New Deal has retired into the background, the Americans appear to be back at their old pastime of "trust-busting." A Federal Court in Indiana has just found General Motors guilty of an offence against the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and has imposed the maximum fine of $5,000 on the Corporation and on those of its subsidiaries. The question at issue is whether the automobile corporations have the right to coerce dealers in their wares to finance their operations through subsidiary financial corporations of their own, instead of leaving them free to get accommodation where they please. The case, which will now go to appeal, is a test case; and Chrysler, Ford and other rivals of General Motors are waiting upon its result, and have undertaken temporarily to discontinue the questioned practices, with the proviso that they will return to them if General Motors wins before the Supreme Court. It is to be observed that the Administration also brought cases against the leading officials of General Motors personally, but there it failed to win.

War Loans—The First Instalment

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has begun his war loans campaign with an appeal to the relatively poor. Of the two new securities placed on issue this week, the first is merely a form of National Savings Certificate carrying a slightly increased rate of interest, so that a certificate purchased at 15*s.* will be worth 17*s.* 6*d.* in five and 20*s.* 6*d.* in ten years' time. The second new security is called a Defence Bond, and is purchasable in units of £5 up to a maximum holding of £1,000 for any individual. Members of the same family may, however, each hold up to this amount. Interest is three per cent., and there is a premium of £1 per cent. on repayment in seven years' time, if the Bonds have not been cashed before by their holders. Unlike Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds will be subject to Income Tax; but in order to attract the small investor the tax will not be deducted at the source. Sir John Simon, at the end of his speech announcing these issues, was heckled on the subject of Mr. Keynes's proposals for compulsory saving: his answer was merely that he had "no communication to make." He went on to argue that no inferences could be drawn from the rates of interest now offered as to the rates likely to be paid on the larger loans which have yet to come. The time to issue a loan on the open market, he said in his speech, has not yet arrived. No doubt the form of his offer to the small investor was designed to compete as little as possible with the regular gilt-edged market, and the Chancellor is hoping that gilt-edged prices can be forced up before he has to come to the market for a full-dress loan.

Mr. Burgin's £160,000,000

The Minister of Supply, speaking the other day at a luncheon, gave certain figures illustrating the scale on which his department has been operating since the outbreak of war. He had spent, up to the seventy-fifth day of the war, no less than £160 millions, and he was currently placing orders at the rate of about £2 millions a day. During the previous week he had entered into contracts with 240 firms new to the Government's contract list, and so on. These are in truth formidable totals; the Ministry of Supply is only one among a number of purchasing departments; and if it alone is spending at this rate, total Government expenditure must be absorbing a substantially higher proportion of the national income than it did during the last war. Of course, it is possible that Mr. Burgin was trying to make his figures look impressive, and that his £160 millions included sums of which the actual payment will be spread over a considerably longer period. Indeed, this conclusion seems to be unavoidable; if we were really spending at the rate Mr. Burgin's figures suggest is it conceivable that we should not already be confronted by a serious shortage of labour? Of course, a large part of the Ministry's orders are placed abroad; but, even so, home supplies and manufacture must account for quite a considerable proportion of its purchases.

Prices in October

The cost of living rose in October, according to the official figures, by four points, as against ten points in the previous month. This further increase was smaller than most people expected it to be; and eggs and bacon accounted for a large part of it. Meat and butter also rose in price, and so did clothing; but fish fell, as the disorganisation of the first weeks of the war was partly overcome, and margarine also registered an official reduction owing to the standardisation of supplies at a fixed price. The Ministry of Labour, in issuing the figures, drew attention to the possibility of substituting cheaper commodities, especially margarine and fish, for those which have risen most in price, as a means of mitigating the effects of the increase. But too much stress must not be laid on this, as there are a good many commodities not included in the index figures, and these, being individually less indispensable in any particular week, are in many cases not subject to price control, and may have risen more than the commodities of which the index takes account. On the whole, however, the smallness of the October rise suggests, though it does not prove, that price control has been fairly stringently applied to a wide range of common necessaries, and that a serious effort is being made to prevent the cost of living from getting out of hand.

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PARTNERSHIP AND FEDERATION

DURING a struggle for survival there are no frontiers between allies. That is the principle on which the British and French Governments have acted in pooling their economic as well as their military operations. This is common sense, and this principle of co-operation should be further extended. The result of the war may well depend on the economical use of all our joint resources, our land, our labour-power, our shipping and our foreign exchange. Is it intended that a competent group of economists and soldiers, drawn from both countries, should survey the entire field of our civilian activities for the purpose of co-ordination? Or are we insisting, from habit, or for the sake of private interests, on manufacturing in this country goods which, whether for military or civilian use, could be better produced in France? This question may more often be worth putting the other way round. Again, when we look out on the perilous seas, are all the capacities of French agriculture used to the best advantage for our common good? If tariffs stand in the way, then the sooner this obstacle is swept aside the better. It may be said that France cannot, for lack of man-power, expand her production in wartime. If we were in earnest that difficulty would not stop us: we have, for example, unemployed miners who would rather work in the Pas de Calais than idle in Durham. Again, it may be said that French exports in normal times are largely luxury goods: even so, the solvency of the franc has to be considered, for since we are supporting it, it is as much our concern as the value of the pound.

When once, because necessity drives, we have reached this degree of solidarity, the normal civilised mind wants to know why it should ever stop. In peace, as in war, the safety of France is still a vital concern of ours, why then should we hesitate to pool our arrangements for defence on a permanent footing? If in wartime we economise our shipping under a joint control, and avoid competition when we buy our supplies abroad, must we obey the prompting of folly and local interests when peace returns? Is waste more admirable in peace than in war? We could wish that both Governments would accustom their peoples to the idea that they are building for a common future. These controls, these co-operative devices ought not to be scrapped when peace returns, as they were after the last war. It is true that their purpose would no longer be the same. In wartime one must plan to even out the sacrifices of scarcity: in peace one aims at spreading plenty. But order and the economy of effort are as necessary in the one case as in the other. It happens, moreover, that our two countries are in many respects complementary, since France has both the sunshine and in some fields the hereditary taste and skill that our climate, physical and moral, has denied us. That was Cobden's argument when he preached free trade to Louis Napoleon. The difference in our situation is that we should not dream to-day of leaving this business of co-operation to the hazards of *laissez-faire* and competitive trading. If ever we embark in earnest on this adventure in mutual aid, it will be planned and controlled. That implies the dovetailing of governmental agencies.

In foreign policy, over a wide field, if not over the entire field, allies must act together. They must plan their defence in concert, and they will, if they are wise, treat their economic efforts and resources in the same spirit. How long would we be content to do all this by the customary methods of improvisation—meetings at long intervals of Prime Ministers, diplomatic talks, mixed commissions and the Supreme War Council? This may serve in wartime. But in peacetime, assuming that democracy survives the war, neither of us would be content for long to leave matters of this importance to secret talks between officials and Ministers. We should soon be driven to invent some method by which a representative body, responsible to both electorates, would manage our common affairs. In other words, the path on which we have entered leads in the long run to some experimental form of federation. We might be content for many a year with the improvised machinery of to-day, so long as the French were our only allies; but in proportion as we widen our group of allies and friends, we must face the need for more formal and constitutional machinery.

The idea of federation, as we read public opinion, has already arrived. Lord Halifax has approached it with cautious sympathy, and the Labour Party has condensed it into a slogan. But what do we mean by it? In a new Penguin book, *The Case for Federal Union*, Mr. W. B. Curry has just given it all and more than all that we could ask by way of definition. He writes well, with a talent for lucid exposition. But he has made the mistake of accepting bodily the whole of the scheme advocated by Mr. Clarence Streit in *Union Now*. That book won disciples in some surprising provinces of opinion, but it was ruined by its lack of the historical sense. To argue that we can do to-day, out of hand and in precisely the same way, what the thirteen original States of the American Union did in the eighteenth century is to convict oneself of a lack of realism. These States spoke a single language: they inherited the same political and cultural tradition: they had fought in common a war for existence. Above all, they lacked any long memories of an independent national existence. The main obstacle to federation is that the average Englishman or Frenchman believes that in entering a Union he would have to abandon all the pride and glory of his ancestral past. England would be no longer a Great Power, acting in obedience to her own conscience and her own calculation alone. She would be no longer the sole mistress of the world's proudest navy: the head no longer of a world-wide empire. A Frenchman would have the same regrets, though he would phrase them in other words. Though there was real diversity and much animosity between the States which comprise the U.S.A., Maine, the Carolinas and the rest were free from this hampering megalomania.

It is, to our thinking, fantastic to suppose that we shall all sit down, as these thirteen ex-colonies did, and sign away in one comprehensive document everything that has been our pride and our consolation. The thing must be done, if civilisation is to survive, but it will scarcely be done this way. If we are wise we shall not compile, as Mr. Streit and Mr. Curry do, a formal Constitution on the American model, with its *a priori* statements of principle and its cast-iron definitions. Life seemed simpler in the eighteenth century and very much more static.

The minimum at which we have to aim is none the less

sufficiently formidable. In some way, even if we have to tolerate many compromises, we must transfer to an International Authority the main business of defence, and consequently of external relations. In some form we must hand over to it the last word in the government of a dependent empire in which we retain no longer our present economic privileges. Groping, pioneering, experimenting, it must have the power to lead us all in the direction of a planned international economy. Finally, our federation must be more than a league of sovereign Governments. No sovereign Power will ever bow to a majority of its fellows. If we aim at democratic control we must achieve it through some form of popular representation. In this way we could compose a Federal Congress, where men would group themselves according to opinions and not according to nationality. At the League's Assembly each delegation voted as a solid block, and it was felt to be a national defeat when Great Britain was voted down by a majority of foreign delegations. No one would indulge in this absurd sentiment if the British Delegation, like every other, had itself been split between European parties of Left, Right and Centre.

These are remote speculations, and they may be dangerous. They represent what ought to be done, not what is being done. They may be mere traps for idealists prone to forget that those in power may pursue very different ends. Today we can consolidate our relations with the French, but for the moment that is all we can do. A federation will emerge from victory, or it will not emerge at all. It is at present a skyscraper built of hypotheses, which rival one another in their speculative daring. Not only do we assume victory, we reckon on the adherence of one or more of the greater neutrals. The French and ourselves can make an intimate and useful co-operative alliance, but we have as yet no power to rally others. Some count, as Mr. Streit and Mr. Curry do, on American participation. Others, like the Labour Party, confining their ambitions to Europe, bank on a democratic revolution in Germany. Others, again, continue to hope that the Soviet Union will be a natural partner in a defensive confederation that might evolve into something more intimate and lasting.

Let us realise that there is no hope either of American participation or of democracy in Germany until the Allies adopt a more constructive and disinterested policy. We call attention to a letter on this aspect of Anglo-American relations in our correspondence columns this week. Its author understands the United States as few Englishmen do. Neither Mr. Chamberlain or M. Daladier could guide us towards federation, were we never so victorious. They are the spokesman of a ruling class which still aims at its own ascendency within an area it can dominate by the ownership of economic power. France is sunk in a stifling fog of reaction, which suppresses every vestige of independent or progressive thought. As for Downing Street, it thinks the thoughts of mid-Victorian England, and is incapable of an excursion into the present, to say nothing of a bold exploration of the future. To dwell on these visions, until we have a worthier and more adequate leadership, is to besport ourselves in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. That is a dangerous amusement, for it unfits us for the task that lies to our hand. And that, as we see it, is to devise the means by which living men shall replace these stumbling ghosts.

AMERICA'S RED WAR BABY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE lustiest "war baby" born in the United States since September 3rd is the Red scare. In Wall Street they call the stocks which go up, or are supposed to go up in wartime, the "war babies." These have been remarkable for their puniness, but the Red scare is a strong and howling infant which is demanding and getting meatier nourishment every day and is rapidly assuming quite mature proportions.

Red-baiting will have a deplorable effect on civil liberties, the Labour movement and the social programme of the New Deal; it is all the more regrettable that the "Reds" themselves, both American and Russian, have provided so grand an opportunity for the baiters. First the famous Pact of August 25th; then the contortionist antics of the American Communist Party; then the admission of Earl Browder, the Party's chief, that he had travelled on a false passport; then Mr. Browder's speech of this week unearthing world revolution or, as he felicitously termed it, a "quick transition" to Socialism. Moscow did its bit with the threats to Finland, the clumsy handling of the *City of Flint*, the attack on Mr. Roosevelt.

What have been the effects of these episodes? The Pact enabled all the columnists, Congressmen and other dicta-throwers who have been saying that the Brown and Red revolutions were the same, to proclaim "I told you so" in chorus. Mr. Browder's passport perjury—which he had to admit because he knew the Department of Justice had proof—made his arrest inevitable and enabled reactionaries to say, "See how these Communists, who pretend to respect the Constitution, flout our laws." His "quick transition" speech provided a pretext for demanding legal action to outlaw the Party on the ground that it advocates the overthrow of the Government by force. The *Herald-Tribune* (which corresponds roughly to your *Daily Telegraph*) called for just such action in an editorial the morning after Browder's speech.

Russia has been equally obliging. Finland, as the only country which pays its war debts to the United States, is among Americans, the best known and liked of the small European nations. With a few news-reel shots of Finland's handsome young Minister in Washington presenting his annual cheque to the Treasury, a few radio performances of Sibelius' *Finlandia*, Russia's intended victim could easily become our "brave little Belgium"—if it ever came to the point. The obstacles which prevented our Ambassador in Moscow from getting in touch with the *City of Flint* during the week it was in Murmansk may have been merely due to Russian red tape and inefficiency, but it seemed to American newspaper readers like calculated rudeness by the Soviets. There was the American Ambassador—he couldn't get a telephone connection, he couldn't get a plane, he couldn't get a car, he couldn't even get an interview with Molotov. Here was the *City of Flint's* captain's wife bravely holding back her tears on every front page in the country. You can see the picture. Finally, came Mr. Molotov's, to my mind, highly unnecessary rebuke to the President. I may underestimate them, but even the Roosevelt haters were, I think, annoyed at that. As a result Mr. Roosevelt pointedly omitted the usual telegram of felicitations on the Soviet anniversary and the entire Administration stayed away in a body from the reception at the Soviet Embassy.

All this, as you can imagine, has been pure velvet for the country's cartoonists. Yesterday's *Mirror* (Hearst), for example, produced a most horrendous drawing, taking up nearly half a page, which showed Stalin holding in his right hand a sign saying "Russia Means Peace" and with his left driving a team of snakes labelled "World Revolution" over a field of rotting skulls. Nothing less could be expected of the *Mirror*, but I have done a little research through the last two weeks' issues of the *Herald-Tribune* and the *Chicago Daily News*, two of the most sober papers on foreign affairs. In the former, out of seventeen cartoons on the war, nine dealt

with Russia; in the latter five out of sixteen. In last Sunday's *Times* (the week-day does not carry cartoons) the proportion was five out of nine. In one of these Stalin appeared as the "World's Bogey-man" of 1939. Needless to say, the Russian bear and Stalin's moustache take on the most sinister appearances.

By far the most remarkable contribution to the Bogey-man picture is an article entitled "Aviation, Geography and Race," by Col. Lindbergh in the November *Reader's Digest*. The White Race and European culture, he warns, are in imminent danger of destruction by the Yellow Peril with which he identifies Russia. Aviation (that is, the bombing plane) is the tool "specially shaped" to save the White Race from this "infiltration of inferior blood." We can only save ourselves from Asia, which "presses toward us on the Russian border," by a coalition—and here is the crux—of "an English fleet, a German air force, a French army, an American nation, standing together as guardians of our common heritage, sharing strength, dividing influence." This extraordinary document has passed almost entirely unremarked by the press.

In American domestic politics the "Red" menace has two important functions: to smear the Labour movement and to smear the New Deal. The Dies Committee* is not, of course, a post-war phenomenon, but since the Pact its "revelations" about the "Reds" have been coming out like bullets from a six-shooter. Every anti-Stalinist from Tomsk to Texas has been called as a witness by Mr. Dies. Like a beauty-contest winner who gets a Hollywood contract, a Dies witness immediately becomes the darling of the lecture bureaux and of the highest-paying magazines. We have Ben Gitlow, ex-secretary of the Communist Party in *Cosmopolitan* and General Krivitsky, a refugee from the Russian purges, in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The confessions of ex-Communists seems likely to become one of our staple industries.

When, the other day, Mr. Dies published the supposed membership list (it turned out to be a mailing list) of the Washington branch of the American League for Peace and Democracy, designated by him as a Communist "front" organisation, his admitted purpose was to show the "infiltration" of Communists among New Deal employees. It fell flat because he netted no big names (one was identified as that of the charlady in the Library of Congress) and because it was obviously absurd to pretend that all the members, much less the mailing list, of the League were Communists. But Mr. Dies is a persistent young man. He is already being called the Republicans' favourite Democrat.

Two other Congressional Investigating Committees, both headed by anti-New Deal Democrats are employing similar tactics. Mr. Woodrum is chasing "Reds" in the W.P.A. and Mr. Howard Smith is chasing them in the National Labour Relations Board. In these, as in Mr. Dies' investigation, Labour also comes in for its share of red paint. "Dies to Trace Reds in Shipping Union," proclaimed a *Times* headline on November 3rd. Meanwhile business calls on Labour to get rid of the Communists in the trade unions which is its way of saying get rid of the unions, or at least of the C.I.O.

The Red scare has obtained an extraordinary grip on the Labour movement itself. The Pact threw the American Labour Party into such a panic that it adopted a resolution expelling all Communist members and then, at a stormy meeting, its secretary expelled all members who refused to vote for this resolution. A totalitarian way of dealing with totalitarians.

In reporting exclusively on this one aspect of American politics I have risked giving the impression that the war has turned us into a nation of Red-hunters. That is not yet true for the country as a whole. And if the Communists now have to come out of their pent-houses and go underground, that is the result of their own choice.

New York.

November 9th, 1939.

*Congressional Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities

A LONDON DIARY

IT is refreshing to find that the Services, who in their entertainments are too often treated as vintage 1914, immature, are, in their reading, to be treated as sensible 1939 adults. For I assume that the responsible authorities use the catalogue which has been prepared by a select committee of the National Book Council and the Society of Authors, with the blessing of the Public Relations Officer to the War Office. The comprehensive and liberal list which they have prepared from inexpensive books and cheap editions would provide not only a library of entertainment, light and serious, but also a basis for that free and full discussion for which, among other things, we are fighting. Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on active service would find books by most of its regular and occasional contributors covering almost every subject, and they might be equally pleased to be able to re-read the arguments on the other side; while if the Germans advanced far enough they could capture quite a respectable selection of the Burned Books in English Regimental libraries!

* * *

The situation in the Far East is extraordinarily complicated. I wrote a fortnight ago about the efforts to set up Wang Ching-wei as a puppet governor in Nanking. That is one line of diplomacy. Wang Ching-wei has always been fiercely against the U.S.S.R., and his establishment with the help of Japanese bayonets could only mean a further internal struggle in China, an effort by Japan to hold on to her gains in the North, with an agreement to safeguard British and French interests in Canton and on the Yangtse, followed, if the plans of one section of our rulers were to come off, by a drive against the Soviet Union. I do not think that this naive scheme will succeed. Once again Stalin is more likely to anticipate these manoeuvres and take steps to forestall them by making a pact with Japan. Such a pact would involve some share-out of "spheres of influence" in China. No doubt I should be attacked by Communists for suggesting this as a possibility. Unless they have learnt caution they will declare that no policy of that sort is possible to Stalin who has always helped China, and who hates Japanese Imperialism no less than Hitlerism. And then, if precedents are followed, we shall read the next day that Stalin has done just what we are told he could never do under any circumstances, and the Communists will then turn round and justify what he has done. I cannot see why they tie themselves in these knots. How easy just to admit the truth that Stalin is pursuing, with great ability, a pro-Soviet policy and letting the rest of the world go hang! In view of the past treatment of the U.S.S.R. by capitalist nations, that is easy to explain. I thought the cynicism of the capitalist press outdone by the *Daily Worker* the other day, which had a poster about the Finnish Generals "whooping for war"! Really the way these Czechs and Finns and other small peoples threaten the security of countries like Germany and Russia is one of the most surprising features of the modern world!

* * *

Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, who died last week in her lonely cottage near Maidenhead, was, I think, a victim of this war. It was the sense of deadly repetition that killed her. Born a Sickert, she came of a family of artists, and what she really loved and valued in life was beauty, incarnated for her chiefly in the flowers she tended with science and affection, in music and in verse. But with this inheritance she was also a rationalist and a fighter. Duty drove her continually into the fray, first as a suffragist and then as a pacifist, and always it was her fate to be hurt by the shocks of the struggle as a woman of coarser fibre would not have been. She did splendid service in a long life to these two movements. For a brief time also, her social gifts, her skill in languages, and her keen analytical intellect made her a valuable member of the British delegation at Geneva. She had faithful and devoted friends, but her latter years were clouded with a sense of loneliness and defeat.

The press in Britain has successfully resisted attempts at censorship apart, of course, from necessary restrictions about military information. In the totalitarian states, control has gone far beyond censorship. No one can possibly write anything unauthorised or distasteful to the State. France is now the country of censorship proper and I notice that a writer in the new Union of Democratic Control *Foreign News Bulletin* has discovered some amusing examples. (The second number of this *News Bulletin* is out this week; it is full of interesting and unusual material, and is obtainable from 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1, price 3*d*.) Even papers like *Le Temps* have white spaces to show the censor's activities and Pertinax, who is probably the best known and most respected leading French journalist, has had whole chunks taken out of his leading article in *L'Europe Nouvelle*. *L'Humanité* and *Ce Soir*, being Communist, have of course been suppressed since the outbreak of war, and there is a terrific drive going on in France against Communists, pacifists and others, who are anathematised under the general heading of "defeatists." I suppose that Albert Bayet in *La Lumière* has been censored on grounds of this kind. I have seen the issue of November 10th where a column is headed *La Campagne Hitlérienne contre la Tchécoslovaquie, la Liberté et la France*. Under this imposing heading Bayet begins by remarking that he has always been against political polemics in wartime, realises the need for reserve, but does not see why the necessary discipline should be imposed solely on republicans. This introduction was, no doubt, intended to pave the way for a critical article. However, the whole of the rest of the article is censored and the signature stands in lonely splendour at the end of a blank column. But it is not only the Left that suffers. A large blank space appears on the front page of last week's *Gringoire*. Instead of the usual *censuré*, *Gringoire* has the wit to produce a charming little caricature of a censor with a huge pair of scissors.

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Whether France is now a democracy is a matter for discussion. I should say myself that it was a dictatorship based on the always dominant Radical peasantry—which means that they were Radical in 1789 and have been Conservative ever since. British discussion of war aims often leaves out the part that this French conservatism will play in any settlement. In France, I do not think there are any war aims except the security of France. To Frenchmen that is enough. Must we say that the same thing is now true of Britain and that all the discussion of war aims is the result of the British habit of desiring a moral idea for which to fight? On this subject you should read Harold Nicolson's brilliant bit of propaganda in the Penguin series, *Why Britain is at War*. Nothing could be more convincing than his account of how Hitler forces people to war. Compare it with his brave effort to talk about war aims!

* * *

One can hardly bear to think of what the Czechs are going through; it is bloodcurdling to hear that hundreds of students have been taken off to Buchenwald and other concentration camps. The accounts I have heard recently of Hitler's plans for the Jews are more terrible still. I gather that the so-called Jewish state in Poland is another ghastly pretence. The idea is apparently to move all the remaining Jews out of Germany and all the Jews from Czechoslovakia and Poland into what will amount to a vast concentration camp. They are being sent in cattle trucks, with nothing but the clothes they have on and a few marks, to a district where there is no chance of them making a living. They are being use for road-making; they have no tools or homes or land for an independent life. It seems that Hitler has really decided on the mass murder of a great proportion of from one to two million people. There is a nasty rumour, which I hope will prove untrue, that Stalin is also going to take measures against the Jews. That, of course, would be a tradition of old Russian policy, but I cannot imagine why Stalin should do anything of the kind. Whatever the real basis of Stalin's policy, it surely is not racial.

* * *

One remark from a model broadcast last week on Art for the People by the Director of the National Gallery has stuck in my mind. For us English, he said, pictures are oddities to be kept shut up in museums, but to the Italians they are almost as natural as flowers. I had just been inside a very pretty old church, the interior of which had been made hideous by Victorian piety with brass, alabaster and carved wood; and I thought of the countless churches in little Tuscan and Umbrian towns with their magnificent altar-pieces and bas-reliefs. There must be millions of people in the British Isles who have never in their lives seen a good picture. What a need there is for exhibitions like those of the British Institute of Adult Education! It is excellent news that the B.B.C. is starting on November 27th their promised series of talks on painting, *The Artist in the Witness Box*. The shilling booklet issued to accompany the series is excellently illustrated, and the talks—as one can tell from the synopsis—have been most carefully planned. Apart from Mr. Eric Newton, who is in charge, we are to hear Sir Kenneth Clark, Messrs. Coldstream, Gabo, A. W. Lawrence (R.A.), Goodhart Rendel, David Low, J. L. Beddington and T. J. Honeyman. Naturally, I regret that the art critic of this journal is not speaking: Mr. Clive Bell has probably been more influential than anyone alive in interesting the English-speaking public in modern art, and it seems to me fantastic not to include anything by him among the works recommended in the B.B.C. booklet. But the talks and discussions promise to be extremely interesting.

* * *

The following is the authentic record of a conversation overheard in an A.R.P. depot where patriotic ladies volunteer to be on duty for a certain number of hours each day, in case of an air raid.

First lady: "I don't know what I shall do when this rationing business comes into force. I eat such a lot of butter, and I can't do without it."

Second lady: "Yes it's too dreadful, isn't it? The poor people are so much better off than we are, because of course they are used to margarine. My charwoman has a large family and I am sure she always eats margarine and won't want all her butter coupons. I hope I shall be able to get her to give her butter coupons to me. She won't mind."

First lady: "How lucky you are. Of course that sort of person doesn't use butter at all."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to T. C. W.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The public should revolt against the food-rationing system, that dreadful and terrible iniquity which some of the Ministers want to adopt.—*Daily Express.*

Molly Hair, of Penarth, is 18 and a ballet dancer. She has given dances to entertain troops in the Woodlands Church Hall, Penarth, but she may do so no longer—because the Committee which organised the entertainments "does not feel like accepting the responsibility of introducing ballet dancing to young soldiers."—*Daily Mail.*

ENFORCING DEUTERONOMY

Husband at Lambeth: The Book of Deuteronomy gives me the right to chastise my wife, and I am able to do it, being a Jiu-jitsuist; but all I did was to put a half-nelson on her to restrain her. It may have hurt, but did no permanent injury.—*Evening Standard.*

There will soon be two lucky Tommies wearing socks knitted by the hands of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose—only they will not know it.—*Daily Sketch.*

WARTIME FARMING AND AFTER

III

THE Minister of Agriculture recently underlined an earlier statement, to the effect that very shortly the Government would be the sole buyers of staple agricultural commodities at a fixed price. At the moment of writing, we are betwixt and between fixed and free prices. Some are fixed, others are free to move below certain maximum limits, others, such as the prices of next year's corn crops, have not been specified at all.

The result is that some farmers feel they have been getting the worst of both worlds in some respects. They say they have not been given a complete feeling of confidence to go ahead and produce in every case, but on the other hand that they know very well that the control in some instances, such as pork pigs, is preventing them from obtaining prices that buyers would have been willing to pay. Producers of highest quality cattle, with a standard of finish that we shall probably be unable to afford as a general rule in this war, have seen a fairly drastic maximum price clamped down on them, while cattle not so good but appreciably cheaper to produce have enjoyed comparatively good prices. Those producers who before the war had tried to adapt their flocks of sheep to the modern demand for good quality small joints of mutton and lamb are not now doing so well as those who were producing sheep that were almost due to be zoological exhibits. Quality cannot be entirely neglected, but at times like these it has to take a less prominent place when weighed in the balance with economy of feeding stuffs per lb. of meat produced. It is unfortunate for the quality producers, as the war is unfortunate for many other people, but their turn will come again and it would be the height of folly for them now to place themselves in such a position that they could not revert to quality production when the war is over.

These are the farmers' chief grouses at the moment. Things will be easier when we change completely over to a system of fixed prices, and it should not be forgotten that this interim period of semi-flux has brought most valuable experience. It is unfortunately true that rules for administration cannot be drawn up with much hope of success without preliminary experiment as a basis. Until fixed prices have been in operation for a time, it would be rash to draw any hard and fast deductions about them. But already it looks as if fixed prices may be rather more susceptible to general influences than many people imagined. In spite of pegging retail prices, wholesale margins and some producers' prices; in spite of so far keeping costs such as feeding stuffs, fertilisers and wages pretty well at end-August levels, the cost of living index rose by 10 per cent. in September, the biggest rise in one month since 1918. This is not to say that the price rocketings of the last war will be repeated, but it does suggest that no price system can insulate itself against such factors as shipping freights, the value of sterling, diversion of industrial energies from one sphere to another and the general state of national prosperity. In time of war it may be comparatively easy to work a fixed price system for agriculture, for the tendency will always be towards a shortage, rather than a surplus, of food. If there are price revisions they are likely to be upward. In time of peace, however, we have never yet been able to iron out boom and slump, shortage and surplus. In a slump-cum-surplus situation, such as in 1929-32, it would be extremely difficult for any Government to persuade producers to accept fixed prices that would discourage additions to the surplus. Nor could taxpayers and consumers readily be persuaded to prop up a home price considerably above that at which food could be bought from abroad, especially in the depression then existing.

Prices fixed appreciably below what buyers are willing to pay encourage a "black market" and tend to create discontent among producers; prices appreciably above the "world" price are unpopular with non-producers, who are in a majority.

The difficulty may not be insurmountable, but it is already evident that this aspect of fixed prices must be thought out more carefully than hitherto if they are to replace the crude but effective "cushioning" method by which prices varying with supply and demand take up the alternating shocks of surplus and shortage.

It may be that there is a middle way. To take beef as an example, there might be a beef producers' board that organised the sale of fat cattle direct to central slaughterhouses, with payment by weight and quality. If this could be efficiently done, considerable savings could be made and so provide a larger margin for a fall in price before beef producers were operating at a loss. By working in closer touch with the butchers the smaller variations in supply and demand that would normally be expected could probably be dealt with by adjusting prices so as to shift into consumption the beef on hand. But there would obviously have to be a framework of international beef control, such as that which was already operating before the war, to prevent beef producers abroad from bankrupting both themselves and our own farmers with supplies that could not possibly be absorbed without disaster. By making the beef producers themselves as responsible as possible for adjusting supplies and deciding prices that would bring the beef into consumption, there would be better hope of their agreeing to such a plan than if they felt it was just "the Government" that was forcing them to accept a reduction in price because a depression or a surplus had occurred.

By such means we should get direct marketing of fat stock from the farm to the abattoir with payment by weight and quality, abolishing much of the chanciness of the present chaotic system of cattle marketing. It is interesting, incidentally, to find that now, when a semi-fixed price for cattle and fixed prices for sheep and pigs are in operation, there is a strong demand among farmers for "payment by deadweight," on the grounds that it is fairer and does not involve "weight guessing competitions" by live weight graders in the markets. Yet before the war there was a system in existence for direct consignment to the abattoir with payment by weight and quality and only a small minority of fat stock was sold in this manner. The "weight guessing" was still there, the weights being guessed by dealers and butchers who at least were not more biased in the producers' favour than the present graders; and butcher's and dealer's rings were not unknown. Nor were farmers inclined to think that the quality of their animals was below that at which the buyers estimated them. Surely the mere fixing of prices in the last few weeks is not the full answer to such a change of viewpoint. Might it be that sellers of fat stock, like other people, have instinctively come back to the fundamental issues and therefore realise that the important thing is to get the animals as directly as possible from the farm to the abattoir, taking payment on the actual weight and quality of their product?

Farmers, in common with the rest, have had to simplify their lives. On the grounds of conserving petrol alone there have had to be economies, so that the milk comes round only once a day; the tractor-owner is no longer spoon-fed with ten gallons of paraffin from a ten-ton lorry whenever he asks for it; fruit-growers, market-gardeners, egg and milk producers have had to get together in their different industries and see that the lorries run with full loads, cutting out unnecessary mileage. Again it must be emphasised that war exaggerates such things, and economies must now be pushed to a point of inconvenience that would be intolerable in peacetime. But present events must surely suggest to the producer and/or the consumer that it is they who eventually pay for over-elaborate services and half-empty lorries, just as they are the ultimate sufferers if food passes through unnecessary stages between the farm and the larder.

War is making us look at things in a new light. Now that importing is difficult instead of easy, the tendency is growing to regard imports as goods that the nation must have, rather than as a mere aspect of trading. Therefore many more may be beginning to think it desirable that in peacetime it should

be the nation, in the form of the State, that makes these foreign purchases. In other words, they will think more about import boards and they will think of them as an alternative to the arrangement for beef already mentioned, whereby the different countries that supply Britain with beef arrange among themselves, in consultation with us, the regulation of supplies to this country.

I doubt if it really is an alternative. In some ways it may sound attractive to form an import board to buy on the cheap all the meat that overseas countries are willing to offer us and release it into consumption here at prices that leave the State with sufficient profit to make up a remunerative price to the home farmer. But countries overseas, having already had some experience of the advantages of international co-operation, and not being so agriculturally prosperous as some in this country fallaciously suppose, will probably not oblige us by throwing over all control nor commit agricultural suicide to sell us cheap food. The indications are that they will increasingly manage their affairs so as to try to sell us the maximum amount of food that it will pay them to sell, and no more.

In that case we shall be back again at the system of international commodity councils to regulate marketing and it will merely be a question of internal politics whether the State or the trade actually makes the purchases. Surely this is infinitely preferable to trade wars aimed at beggaring our customers abroad in order that we may be fed by them with food sold below its production cost? And although no man can say what forces and what new ideas will be released by the events in which we are now taking part, one of the more likely results will be the realisation that the nations must work together if life on this planet is to be tolerable and the ordinary man is to live in decency and peace. In such a world Free Trade and Protection would cease to have much meaning. Just as we would now think it ridiculous to talk about shutting out Welsh beef from Birmingham, although Welsh beef producers might be asked to regulate their sales in co-operation with English producers to avoid mutual disaster, so it would seem foolish to look with dislike upon beef from another country merely because it came from farther away and by ship instead of by train. But it would be equally foolish to invite them to throw our home beef industry into confusion and bankruptcy with arrivals of beef in sporadic avalanches. If the nations are to combine to create a post-war world where peace is a reality, economic disarmament is no less essential than the more obvious kind, but to attain it nations must be able to feel safe against that trade aggression we call dumping before the economic barriers can be removed. In other words, we must co-operate internationally in trade as well as in diplomacy and upon no other industry would this have more far-reaching effects than agriculture.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

SHUT THE GATE

As I shut a garden gate during the week-end in the country, a neighbour said to me: "It's well to keep gates shut with all these cows about on the common. Five times they've been into the chapel grounds this week. All because you can't get the kiddies to shut the gate after they've come out of school." "I suppose," I said, "it's the children from Town who haven't been brought up to know about cows and the damage they can do." "No," he contradicted me sadly, "the country children are just as bad." It is a part of the country infested by cattle with a passion for entering gardens. This would not matter much if they confined themselves to the grass on the lawn, but, possessed by an evil spirit, they trample over the flower-beds and the vegetable-plots for sport, sinking their hooves in deep and leaving the place looking as if children had been digging for treasure. One hears of tulip-beds ruined, of lettuce-beds devastated. They break through hedges unless they are barricaded or supplemented with barbed wire. But the one temptation they cannot resist is an open gate. It is an invitation to the cow's counterpart of a waltz.

Ever since I can remember, I have had a horror of not shutting gates. When I was in the country as a child, the thought that I might have left the gate of a field open and allowed the cattle to stray haunted me at times like a nightmare. And so I have grown up with the conviction that one of the first things every child should be taught is to shut gates. It is a habit that should be easily imposed. It causes no one any trouble, but prevents a great deal.

At the same time, how difficult it appears to be to instil habits into children! There are a considerable number of people who reach maturity without having ever learned even to close the door when leaving a room. There are few things more irritating than the sight of a door that has been left open when it ought to be shut. Office-boys have been sacked for a less exasperating crime. To my mind there ought to be a daily door-closing class in schools with a prize given to the best door-closer at the end of the term. And training in the closing of the doors of wardrobes, cupboards and book-cases should be included. I have known a hospital nurse who had been taught most things about nursing but who could no more bring herself to shut the door of a medicine-cupboard in a bathroom than to jump out of the window. She seemed, indeed, to take an active delight in leaving it open, for, if I closed it, she would be back in five minutes and leave it gaping again. No doubt, it was for her a form of self-expression.

Whatever it may have been, it stirred in me, not for the first time, the passions of a disciplinarian. The Victorians, I told myself, were right in believing that other people should be taught good habits. They may have been selfish in believing so, for they obviously realised that there is nothing that contributes more to the ordinary pleasantness of life than the good habits of other people. A large number of English men and women have discovered this as if for the first time as a result of giving house-room to evacuated mothers and children who had never been taught how to behave with ordinary decency. At first, most of us took it for granted that all these mothers and children came from the slums and that they were victims of the poverty of their surroundings. I have had a number of letters from various parts of England, however, which make it clear that mothers and children from good houses containing bathrooms and every normal aid to cleanliness were among the most difficult cases to deal with. One woman wrote to me from a country district, saying that many years ago she had been an infirmary nurse in a slum area and that, though vermin abounded, she had never at that time known a child above the age of four to have habits so unpleasant as some of the children from good homes who have arrived in her neighbourhood during the evacuation.

Has something queer happened, then, in the modern world—the world of schools and school-clinics and the worship of the bath? I think it was General Smuts who said a few years ago that it was as if a wide crack had recently appeared in the fabric of civilisation. He was speaking of European politics, but I sometimes wonder whether we are not too complacent in taking it for granted that it is only in politics that curious cracks have appeared. It is at least worth considering whether in other things—the arts and manners, for example—we have not also been living in a somewhat cracked world. I, for one, find it difficult to make up my mind on the question. The world seems to have improved so vastly in many respects during the last fifty years that one is tempted to be optimistic about it. Then, when one has news of what the world has made of its opportunities in various directions during the same period, one feels less cheerful and begins to wonder whether civilisation will not have to go back and learn some of its lessons all over again.

For example, in the training of children. To-day, you would think, when families are small, it ought to be much easier to teach children good habits than it was at a time when families of seven were common and families of twelve not rare. Yet some of the recent evidence we have had seems to

suggest that decent manners have declined in proportion to the decline in the size of the family. Perhaps, it was the very size of their families that compelled the Victorians to teach good habits to their children. After all, the smoothness with which life flows depends largely on the acquisition of a code of good habits by the people among whom one lives, and a house containing seven children untrained in more or less good habits would have been a seething cauldron of bad temper and hatred. Hence all the Victorian "Don'ts"—Don'ts" still perpetuated on the bench by a few judges and magistrates with their "Don't stand with your hands in your pockets" and "Don't appear before me with a shirt open at the neck." These "Don'ts" are commonly believed to have been repressive to the last degree. The typical Victorian mother has been represented in caricature as a woman who said to her nurse: "Go and find out what Tommy is doing and tell him not to do it." In point of fact, however, the ordinary Victorian child possessed more freedom among his repressions than the romantic neo-Georgian imagines.

Not that we liked being repressed. To be constantly told by one's nurse to straighten one's back or to turn one's toes out was extremely annoying. I rebelled with lamentable success against both injunctions. Nor did I like such interferences with my freedom as occurred when my aunt, seeing me setting out for church with a small walking-stick, said: "Y., you oughtn't to carry a cane on the Lord's Day." I sometimes think that the Sunday repressions have left a deeper imprint on the memories of Victorians than any other repressions from which they suffered. One writer of reminiscences after another has spoken with bitterness of his memories of the Puritan Sabbath. I no longer think of it in that way. I disliked being forbidden to whistle on Sunday or to read a story by Kingston; but I recognised early that this was not my elders' fault and that it was all done with a view to my ultimate salvation.

The Victorians, indeed, always took it for granted that the most important thing to do with a child was to train it in such a way as to ensure its welfare both in this world and the next. They had no theories about the rights of self-expression. They believed that the child was a miserable little sinner and that, if it were allowed to express itself, it would become a nuisance both to itself and to everybody else. Hence, they compelled it to be unnaturally clean, unnaturally obedient and respectful to its elders, and unnaturally well-behaved at table. Some of them undoubtedly went too far in their repressiveness, but I do not think Mr. Murdstone was a common Victorian type even as a stepfather.

In our own time we have seen a reaction against repression setting in, and the custom of repression has been vanishing like melting snow, in all classes. This seems to me to be a good thing to the extent of at least fifty—perhaps ninety—per cent. Still, I think that the return of, say, ten per cent. of Victorian strictness might also be a good thing. I have never believed in the rod, but children, like cats, should be persuaded to behave. A majority of them, I fancy, are an excellent advertisement of the new reign of laxity, but there is obviously a considerable minority that would be the better for a little Victorian training. So, at least, I thought when I heard of the children who had left the gate of the chapel grounds open and let the cows in. I should like to see all children taught from early years to shut the gate—and a number of other things.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

HURRY, HURRY!

WHEN the mountains beyond the city are covered with snow to their base, the late afternoon light falling obliquely from the west upon the long slopes discloses new contours. For a few moments of time the austerity vanishes, and the mountains appear innocently folded in furry white. Their daily look has gone. For these few moments the slanting rays curiously discover each separate tree behind each separate tree in the infinite white forests. Then the light fades, and the familiar mountains resume their daily look again. The light has gone, but those who have seen it will remember.

As Miriam stood at the far point of Sea Island, with the wind blowing in from the west, she looked back towards the city. There was a high ground fog at the base of the mountains, and so the white flanks and peaks seemed to lie unsupported in the clear spring sky. They seemed to be unattached to the earth. She wished that Harry were with her to see this sight of beauty which passed even as she looked upon it. But Harry was away, and she had come for a walk upon the dyke alone with her dogs.

It was the very day in spring that the soldier blackbirds had returned from Mexico to the marshes of the delta. Just a few had come, but in the stubble fields behind the high dyke, and in the salt marshes seawards from the dyke, and on the shallow sea, and over the sea there were thousands of other birds. No people anywhere. Just birds. The salt wind blew softly from the sea, and the two terrier dogs ran this way and that, with and against the wind. A multitude of little sandpipers ran along the wet sands as if they were on wheels. They whispered and whimpered together as they ran, stabbing with their long bills into the wet sands and running on. There was a continuous small noise of birds in the air. The terriers bore down upon the little sandpipers. The terriers ran clumsily, sinking in the marshy blackish sand, encumbered as they ran. And the little sandpipers rose and flew low together to a safer sandbank. They whispered and wept together as they fled in a cloud, animated by one enfolding spirit of motion. They settled on their safe sandbank, running and jabbing the wet sand with their bills. The terriers like little earnest monsters bore down upon them again in futile chase, and again the whispering cloud of birds arose. Miriam laughed at the silly hopeful dogs.

Farther out to sea were the duck and the brant and the seagulls. These strutted on the marsh-like sands, or lay upon the shallow water or flew idly above the water. Sometimes a great solitary crane arose from nowhere and flapped across the wet shore. The melancholy crane settled itself in a motionless hump, and again took its place in obscurity among stakes and rushes.

Behind the dyke where Miriam stood looking out to sea was a steep bank sloping to a shallow salt water ditch, and beyond that again, inland, lay the stubble fields of Sea Island, crossed by rough hedges. From the fields arose the first song of the meadow lark, just one lark, how curious after winter to hear its authentic song again. Thousands of ducks disclosed themselves from the stubble fields, rising and flying without haste or fear to the sea.

Miriam called to the dogs and walked on along the narrow clay path at the top of the dyke. She delighted in the birds and the breeze and the featureless ocean. The dogs raced after her.

Clumps of bare twisted bushes were scattered along the edge of the path, sometimes obscuring the curving line of the dyke ahead. In a bush a few early soldier blackbirds talked to each other. Miriam stood still to listen. "Oh-kee-*ree*," called a blackbird. "Oh-kee-*ree*," answered his mate. "Oh-kee-*ree*," he said. "Oh-kee-*ree*," she answered. Then the male bird flew. His red epaulettes shone finely. What a strange note, thought Miriam, there's something sweet and something very ugly. The soldier blackbird's cry began on a clear flute's note and ended in piercing sweetness. The middle sound grated like a rusty lock. As Miriam walked on between the twisted black bushes more soldier blackbirds called and flew. Oh-kee *ree!* Oh-kee-*ree!* Sweet and very ugly.

Suddenly she saw a strange object. Below her on the left, at the edge of the salt water ditch there was an unlikely heap of something. Miriam stopped and looked. This thing was about the size of a tremendous hunched cat, amorphous, of a rich reddish brown. It was the rich brown of a lump of

rotted wood. Although it did not move, Miriam had instant warning that this creature was alive and had some meaning for her. She called the dogs who came wagging. She leashed them and they went forward together. The dogs tugged and tugged. Soon they too looked down the bank at the strange object. In the brown mass something now moved. Miriam saw that the brown object was a large wounded hawk. The hawk was intensely aware of the woman and the dogs. As they paused, and then as they passed along the high dyke path, the hawk's head turned slowly, very slowly, to observe them. Its body was motionless. Its eyes were bright with comprehension. Miriam was glad that she had leashed the dogs. In another minute they would have descended on the hawk. One brown wing lay trailed behind the big bird, but with its sharp beak and tearing claws it would have mauled the terriers, and they would have tormented it. Miriam looked at the hawk and the hawk stared brightly at her. She wished that she could save the hawk from its lingering death on the marshes, but there was nothing she could do. Motionless, save for the slowly turning head, the great hawk followed them with intent gaze. Its eyes were bright with comprehension, but no fear. It was ready. The hawk made Miriam feel uneasy. She walked on faster, keeping the dogs still on the leash. She looked back. The hawk steadily watched her. She turned and walked on still faster.

One of the dogs suddenly growled and then both barked loudly. Round a thorn bush, hurrying towards her came a man. In all their walks upon the dyke, Harry and she had never met another human being. Miriam was startled. She was almost afraid. The strange hawk. The strange man. The man stopped. He was startled too. Then he hurried again towards her. Crowded on the narrow clayey path of the dyke stood Miriam and the two dogs, uncertain. The man came close to her and stopped.

"Don't go on," he said urgently, "don't go on. It isn't safe. There's a cougar. I'm going to a farmhouse. To warn them. Perhaps I can get a gun. Turn back. And keep your dogs on the lead," he said sharply.

"Oh," said Miriam, "you must be mistaken. There's never been a cougar on these islands. No, of course I won't go on though. I'll turn back at once. But you *must* be mistaken. A dog or even a coyote, but not a cougar!"

"It *is* a cougar," said the man vehemently, "did you never hear of the cougar that swam across from the North Shore last year? Well—I can't stop to argue—there *is* a cougar, I saw it. Beside the dyke. It's driven in by hunger, starving I expect. Well?"

He looked at her. He held her eyes with his eyes.

"Oh," said Miriam, "of course I won't go on. I should never have come! I'm so glad I met you. But it's extraordinary!" and she turned in haste.

The man paid her no further attention. He stepped down a bit from the path on to the steep grassy side of the dyke, and pushed past her and the restless dogs. He walked on very fast without another word. Miriam hurried after him along the narrow dyke path, the dogs impeding her as she hurried. This was like a bad dream. Hurry, hurry! I can't hurry.

She nearly ran along the slippery bumpy dyke path, past the brown heap of the wounded hawk whose bright eyes watched her, and past the straggly bushes where the soldier blackbirds flew from tree to tree and sang. She hurried along until she turned the curve of the dyke and saw again the mountains behind the city. The peaks now hung pink and gold in the cold spring sky. To the farthest range of the Golden Ears the sunset caught them. Miriam fled on. The leashed dogs ran too, bounding and hindering her as she ran. She crossed the little footbridge that led to the lane that led to her car.

She had lost sight of the man a long time ago. He had hurried on to give the alarm. She had seen him stumbling down the steep dyke side and splashing across the salt water ditch to the stubble fields.

. . . Far behind them along the dyke the body of the young woman who had just been murdered lay humped beside the salt water ditch.

The man who had killed her reached the cover of the hedge, out of sight of that woman with the dogs. When he reached the cover of the hedge he began to run across the tussocky field, stumbling, half blind, sobbing, crying out loud.

ETHEL WILSON

LETTER FROM THE G.O.M.

SIR! I raise my pen and I raise my head
I look without flinching at the sun.
We did not say what you think we said
We did not do what you hoped we'd done.

I met a whore in Trafalgar Square
And she looked at me with a bold stare
And just as I would with the whole population
I talked, ignoring her rank and station.

"Hypocrite!" you accuse. That's what, day by day,
My opponents from their back benches say
But when I raise my sombre eye
Their little tattered pennons fly.

Hypocrite you! at the end of my time
Like a sweeper's ghost on the streets of our city
With a gritty eye and a nose of slime
Blasting them with your respectability.

Yes—if you'd know—for a generation
Bound by a private and public fetter
To a loving wife and a hating nation
I've served both—faithful—to the letter.

Yes—if you'd know—when I saw that girl
There was a sap in a root I felt stir
And I watched a spiritual sail unfurl
At the shaking of her ostrich feather.

The time I sprang from had roots indeed;
The great men with the country names
Were the trees which bore the seed—
Not gelded for fear of public shames.

The girl I spoke with used a word
A Pitt, unblushing, might have heard;
Her lips were soil for the language
Of a feasting, writing age.

When I looked at her body a moon flowered;
She could put the years off with her dress—
This century rolling away like a cloud
To reveal that original loveliness.

STEPHEN SPENDER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Ballet Rambert and Ram Gopal

It is good news for choreomanes in the Shades of Central London that the Ballet Rambert has come for a short season to the Duchess Theatre. It is only a few months since the seventeen-year-old Sally Gilmour, daughter of an English doctor in Singapore, made her dazzling début in *Lady into Fox* and sprang at once into fame. Her performance is better than ever, perhaps because she has now in Walter Gore, as Mr. Tebrick, a perfect partner. Lest it should be thought that she specialises in woodland animals, it must be told that she will also be dancing next week the principal part in *The Mermaid*. Both these ballets are the work of Andrée Howard, an admirable choreograph who has found in Sally Gilmour a magical interpreter. The standard of the Ballet Rambert is now very high. Frank Staff, who dances beautifully as the prince in *Lac des Cygnes*, gives a remarkable performance of Le Vieux Marcheur in *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*,

where Prudence Hyman is excellent as the *cancan* star, and that fine artist, Walter Gore, as the *garçon*.

A stone's throw from the Duchess is the Vaudeville, where Ram Gopal will be till the end of next week. The nobility and classic beauty of this young Indian dancer become more apparent each time one sees him, as also the amazing eloquence of his body, in which every limb is a living voice, or concert of voices. Of course, this quality of intense and vibrant life is not even rare among Eastern dancers, but it is rarely combined with such physical beauty as in Ram Gopal. This week he has a classical Kathakali dance of enchanting eloquence, and next week we are promised further novelties, among them an entirely authentic Kathak dance by Sohan Lal, including the sung prelude which should always precede it. Sohan Lal's fiery temperament has shown signs lately of bursting into expressionism, which is as foreign to oriental tradition as to classical ballet, or indeed to all great dancing. This is a pity, for as an interpreter of Kathak technique and rhythm he is truly superb. An exceptionally fine *sarode* player is now with the company.

Ridgeway's Late Joys at the Players' Theatre.

This genial entertainment, after a migration to the Arts Theatre Club, returns on Monday to its home, 42 King Street, Covent Garden. The fun now begins at 9 p.m. (Fridays 8.30 and 11.30), which should gain for it a new public among those who by midnight prefer their beds to the gayest of cabarets. The show continues to be a sturdy reconstruction of a Victorian music-hall, with the audience singing the choruses of such classic numbers as *A Bird in a Gilded Cage* and *Polly Perkins*. A newcomer, Miss Hedli Anderson, is now triumphant in *She Was Poor But She Was Honest*. The admirable Miss Nuna Davey performs a new dialogue with Mr. Robert Eddison, followed by a duet in praise of a proprietary tea. Mr. Eddison in "The Honourable Maud" has created a character as subtly and solidly convincing as a personage in Proust, unspeakably *grande dame*, acid with superiority, haughtily impoverished, and, even when disgusted, imperturbable. We have never seen a better cabaret turn than Mr. Eddison's, and we fear he may at any time be carried from us, like Ganymede, to the empyrean of a New York night-box. Mr. Leonard Sachs makes the perfect chairman, and never offers to us a mediocre artist. *Ridgeway's Late Joys*, we should perhaps add, is a club, but membership is neither expensive nor difficult.

"Black Velvet," at the London Hippodrome

Black Velvet is a mixture of stout and champagne, combining nourishment and sparkle in surprising union. If the present decoction has, perhaps, too little head, no one could complain of its bubbles or its body. It is a very lively show. The company dance polkas with the stalls, those lucky patrons who have seats on the aisles are given bells to ring, and at least one scene has been translated straight from the Folies Bergeres. The cast is able and indefatigable. The Bredwins, neatly disguised as Hitler and Goebbels, show their usual acrobatic skill, Teddy Brown xylophones with undiminished girth and gusto, Louise Lloyd swings vigorously, and Pat Kirkwood sings one of Vesta Tilley's favourites with Edwardian suggestiveness. The chorus is lively and attractive, the decor spirited, and the sketches, with the exception of a skit on the Ministry of Information so discreetly uninspired that it might have emanated from the institution it satirises, are versatile, volatile and variegated. Vic Oliver is the mainspring of the evening, and keeps the show within the unities with his polished and mannered impromptus. Easily the best war fare the West End has yet offered.

"Golden Boy," at the Regal
"Juarez," at the Warner Theatre

Clifford Odets's play, *Golden Boy*, has been adapted for the screen by a syndicate of writers; a process which has done it no good at all. The allegorical implications of the play have been ignored and as a result the original story of the artist in conflict with the values of the modern world is presented as a drama of the ring featuring some rather odd characters. Joe Bonaparte is a young man with a talent for the violin and with great ability as a boxer. In order to achieve fame quickly, he becomes a professional fighter, against his nature, which begins to destroy his talent for the violin. In a big fight he kills his opponent and breaks his own hand—in the play the final destruction of his talent and the cause of his suicide. In the film we are left with the hope that the hand will mend and that he will become a great violinist after all; so why, if he can have the best of both worlds, all the fuss? It does not seem possible that the public is so insistent on a happy ending as to demand one at the cost of making nonsense of a story. William Holden gives an attractive performance as Joe, but Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou are miscast, and a strange mixture of styles of dialogue adds to the general confusion.

Juarez is a new departure in Hollywood historical films; instead of presenting just another love story in costume and expensive settings it really attempts to analyse the political situation and to give an impartial account of the unhappy reign of Maximilian von Habsburg and his wife, Carlotta, as Emperor and Empress of Mexico and of their struggle with the Liberal President, Juarez. True, the film has serious faults; Brian Aherne has to interpret a Maximilian almost whitewashed out of the picture, Bette Davies in a black wig does not convince as Carlotta, and they are both handicapped by the most lifeless and stilted script imaginable. However, Paul Muni as Juarez is so strong and silent as to escape most of the hazards of the dialogue and he gives a characteristically excellent performance. The film is redeemed by the obvious sincerity of its approach: it is an earnest argument in favour of liberal democracy. A deft use of anachronisms (the British Ambassador, for instance, talks of his country's policy of non-intervention) gives the film an extraordinary aptness, and Juarez's speech justifying the execution of Maximilian as an example to large nations who interfere in the affairs of small, might be used with effect by our own politicians at the present moment. Mexico, the most photogenic of countries, is hardly exploited, except in some striking compositions used to sketch in the background of oppression and war.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 25th—
- K. Zilliacus: "War and Preparations for War," Conway Hall, 2.15.
- Conference on "Civil Liberties in Wartime." Speaker: Ronald Kidd, Queen's College, Paradise Street, Birmingham, 2.30.

SUNDAY, November 26th—
- Dr. C. E. M. Joad: "The Individual versus the State," Conway Hall, 11.
- Beecham Sunday Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.45.
- Soviet Recordings on Film: Shostakovich's 5th Symphony, Academy Cinema, 3. Tickets from S.C.R., 98 Gower Street.
- Embassy Concert, Antonio Brosa and Louis Kentner, Embassy Theatre, 3.

MONDAY, November 27th—
- Dr. Balla: "A Free Czechoslovakia and a Free Europe," 52 Queensway, W.2, 8.

TUESDAY, November 28th—
- Hon. Harold Nicolson: "Hitler's Policy and Theory of Appeasement," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
- Sir Frederick Keeble: "Food Production in Wartime," Royal Institution, 2.30.

WEDNESDAY, November 29th—
- Prof. J. B. S. Haldane: "War Hygiene," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
- Everyman's Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 3.
- Concert in aid of *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund. Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 6.
- "Eve on Parade," Garrick.

THURSDAY, November 30th—
- Dr. C. E. M. Joad: "Control Over Matter—Our Use of It," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
- Prof. Gilbert Murray: "The Deeper Causes of the War and the Issues Involved," Royal Empire Society, 2.
- John Strachey: "The Meaning of Fascism," St. John's Hall, Monck Street, Horseferry Road, 5.

FRIDAY, December 1st—
- Meeting of the Fabian Nursery. Subject: "Democracy and the Colonial Problem," 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1, 6.30.

Correspondence

THE SPIRIT BEHIND WAR AIMS

SIR,—There has been much discussion recently about the war aims which the British Government should try to promote. Whether such discussion is useful now I do not know. But if it is to be useful ever, if anything of real value to the world is to come out of the war, one condition is vital. It is not enough that the resolution of the British people be firm. Their spirit must remain clear and their reason unclouded by passion. That condition is satisfied now. Will it remain so till the end?

When the Great War started, a leading article in the *Times* proclaimed it a war without hate. That dream soon faded. Over against the unparalleled devotion of multitudes there was rapidly built up among us a grotesque Inferno. In the outer circle Falstaff explained that we were too soft and that the war would do us good; "Ah, my boy, how I envy you! If only I were forty years younger!" In the next circle harridans, vicariously patriotic, pestered with white feathers every male in mufti. Below them scoundrels from every walk of life crawled like a festering mass about the body politic, hard-faced men who did well out of the war. Below them again—for cruelty is a blacker sin than greed—were the persecutors of German governesses, of conscientious objectors, of shopkeepers whose names (frequently in fact Polish) they imagined to be German. In the lowest hell of all exempted heroes of the gutter press spewed up their streams of venom; "single shirkers"; Haldane's spiritual home; babies bayoneted in the trenches; nuns with severed breasts; corpse factories in which the German army boiled up for ammunition the bodies of our dead and of their own! Many years later that last lie was repudiated by Sir Austen Chamberlain on behalf of the British Government. But it had done its work. It was a factor in that degradation of mind and spirit, which, when at last the slaughter ceased, made the attainment of a good peace impossible. If, when the real struggle of this war begins, we are to escape a second carnival of baseness, let us bear in mind and stamp on our memory now three things.

First, while there can be no doubt where the immediate and direct responsibility for this disaster rests, we have ourselves little warrant for a smug self-righteousness. To be sure of that we need only read again Mr. Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Many years ago there was in *Punch* a prophetic cartoon. A sower was scattering dragons' teeth, from which embattled force was presently doomed to grow. When history looks back on the events of 1939 she will beyond peradventure brand as arch-criminal one man whom I need not name; but we, the French and ourselves, by our earlier arrogance and folly, were accessories before the fact.

Secondly, let us not forget, as the months and the years pass, what war essentially is. Ruskin has named it well: "That myriad-handed murder of multitudes done openly in the daylight by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, piled up from hell to Heaven, of their priests and kings." The sense of frustration, misery and horror which overwhelmed us when the die was cast has grown less keen. There is a protective mechanism, for which psychologists doubtless have a name, and by which the human mind after a time can adapt itself to almost any situation. We are able now to talk lightly and even to jest about certain aspects of the war. That way Nature saves our sanity. But let us not, through familiarity, grow callous. War, maybe, is "a great game"—for lookers-on; but among the players, for many a one, it is torture of the body and a searing of the soul.

Lastly, let men of the older generation remember this. It is not on *us* that the burden falls. Of those who speak most glibly of *our* duty to fight, of the victory that *we* must face death to secure, many will in their own persons face nothing worse than a reduced supply of butter or of bacon. It is the *young* men—unfit to vote but very fit to die—whose shoulders uphold our world. It is the promise of *their* life that is broken, *their* hope untimely dimmed. Not of us, but of them, it is written:

> Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
> Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
> Th' Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
> And casts them out upon the darken'd earth!
> Prepare, prepare.

We owe to them so much. They face so gallantly a storm in whose brewing they had no hand. We can do for them little of good. At least let us refrain from doing harm. Whatever fortune or misfortune comes, let us by no deed or word stir from sleep those passions of hatred and revenge which in England are as yet unroused. On their continued slumber, when, far off or soon, weapons are put by, the hope of the world, if there be any hope, depends. A. C. PIGOU

AMERICAN OPINION

SIR,—In the discussion of war aims reference has been made now and then to American opinion. I venture to submit that for us the winning of American opinion is itself a fundamental war aim. Its goodwill may help us to win the war, but without it we shall not win a peace that shall abide.

Yet American opinion is deeply suspicious of English policy What is the reason for this, and how can we break through that mistrust? Only if we start from a realisation of the tremendous transformation which has taken place in American outlook and policy in the last two decades, and much accelerated in the past six years. Since President Wilson, especially, America has turned her back resolutely on imperial expansion. She refused to have any part in the spoils of the World War, and since then she has given up the Phillipines, has withdrawn from Nicaragua, Haiti and Salvador; while the Platt amendment relating to the right of intervention in Cuba was dropped in 1934. But that is not all. In the first of the four distinguished volumes in which he surveyed American foreign policy, the late Mr. Charles Howland found that it rested on four traditions: isolation, the Monroe Doctrine, the open door, and the freedom of the seas. It will be remembered what great weight was given to the freedom of the seas in President Wilson's policy, and how vital for American interests was considered the open door in the Far East. Yet both these old and important traditions have been abandoned, the latter by default, the other deliberately through the neutrality laws, for the sake of eschewing international conflict.

I must go further. The new trend is not wholly negative. For while withdrawing from the outer world, the United States is initiating and furthering in the western hemisphere ways of economic and social and cultural co-operation which go beyond anything tried in Europe or through the League of Nations. The "good neighbour" policy is being worked in earnest; and even the sacrosanct Monroe Doctrine has been transformed by the Declaration of Lima, on the initiative of the United States herself, from a one-sided protectorate into a common responsibility; it has in other words, been made a principle of collective security. Now, all that is but the international aspect of a new social philosophy. Adumbrated already a generation ago in Wilson's "New Democracy," it flows now in full spate through Roosevelt's "New Deal"; and the bird's-eye view which Charles and Mary Beard give of it in "America in Midpassage" show that it is nothing less than a full-blooded social revolution.

Can we do nothing to touch the heart of that new and generous outlook in America? Generalities, since they doubt our ends, are not enough; plausible arguing that any detailed statement of our good intentions is premature, will not impress. What they expect from us is not an indication of what we mean to wrest from our opponents, but of what we mean to contribute *ourselves* to the new life of which we speak. Nothing prevents us to do that. And such an offer, however limited, would in their eyes be at last a token that we really have at heart a new world, and not merely a new map.

Allow me, Sir, one last word. There is one aspect of American opinion which makes such a gesture on our part still more urgent, and that is the curious fact that French attitude and policy are hardly ever mentioned. For America British policy alone seems to count. And since that fits in with what the Germans and the Russians say about the nature of the conflict, there is a real danger that the idea of its being a war between two imperialisms may become if anything more widely accepted. D. M.

SIR,—It is important and encouraging to realise that despite the preoccupation of American public opinion with the revision of the munitions embargo and with the maintenance of neutrality, influential groups in the United States began immediately on the outbreak of war to concern themselves with the responsibility of the United States not only in ensuring that a just and durable peace is made, but in leading and co-ordinating the efforts of neutral States in favour of mediation to shorten the war.

At an emergency meeting held on September 6th, the National Peace Conference, which represents thirty-nine national organisations, including all the important peace societies in the United States, "recognising the imperative necessity of a clearly-defined programme in face of the world crisis," adopted the following six-point programme for recommendation to its constituent bodies:

1. Keep the United States out of war.
2. Initiate continuous conference of neutral nations to procure a just peace.
3. Work for permanent world government as the basis of peace and security.
4. Prevent exploitation of war for private gain.
5. Recognise and analyse propaganda to prevent warped judgments and unjust animosities.

6. Strengthen American democracy through solving pressing domestic problems and vigorously safeguarding civil liberties.

Point 2 is of particular significance in view of the recent Dutch-Belgian offer of mediation and the efforts which are being made by the National Peace Council and its co-operating bodies in this country to secure from the British Government an announcement of its willingness to join in a peace conference unrestricted in its agenda, and composed of both belligerent and neutral States.

National Peace Council, GERALD BAILEY,
39 Victoria Street, Directing Secretary
London, S.W.1.

INDIAN MINORITY PROBLEM

SIR,—A considerable heat has been generated in the Press over the real weightage to be ascribed to the various political parties in India. The *Times*, while editorially admitting that the Congress represents a majority of the Indian electorate, rightly pointed out the existence of other powerful minority interests. In a series of fantastic political arithmetic *in vacuo* in the Conservative Press, it has been variously asserted that the Moslem League represents 90 million Moslems, Dr. Ambedkar another 80 million, and so on, until one Mr. Chinna Durai of remarkable clairvoyant faculties in a letter to the *Times* asks us to realise "that the forces mustered against the Congress numbers nearly 250,000,000 people out of a total of 350,000,000—and even of the balance left, the Congress has, through some act or other, estranged a substantially large number." The real weightage to be ascribed to the various political parties can be determined only by a plebiscite based on universal suffrage. But, of course, in the procedure of both the election and the resultant Constituent Assembly we must have, for the adequate protection of communal minority interests, special safeguards which should be agreed upon by mediation amongst the parties concerned, and failing that, by *compulsory arbitration* by a neutral, as was done in the famous MacDonald "Communal Award" of 1935. But the British Government cannot evade the plain issue nor shirk the plain duty without losing the remnants of its prestige and moral foundation, at the same time as proving its absolute incapacity for tackling jobs considerably less complex than the much publicised task of establishing "a new world order." A. K. DATTA

MILK AND MARGARINE

SIR,—A short time ago I believe I remember your approving the Government's enforcing a single milk round per day, on the ground that the reduction in overhead charges thus made must keep down the price of milk. You probably did not realise the bad effect of evacuation upon the turnover of the London distributing companies; or that as between the rival considerations of cheap milk and keeping the companies sweet the latter was bound to win under our present peculiar distributive system. In fact, after causing this unfortunate reduction in turnover over the most important milk-consuming area in the country, the main preserve of the distributors' racket, the Government has been obliged to concede the companies an extra penny a quart. So important is it to keep them in a good temper. Never mind if the rise finally puts milk out of reach of all except the comfortably off.

Margarine provides another interesting example of the helplessness of the Ministry of Food in the clever hands of the big distributors. Were the public complaining of good pool margarine at 6*d.*? No, but it is so important that the well-known brands should be kept before them that we are going to have them restored; and the makers will then be able to charge up to 8*d.* a pound for the same article that, for a few brief weeks, both rich and poor could buy at 6*d.* But when the deal is announced on the radio everybody knows it must be on the level.

I wish you could persuade some of the intellectuals who are agonising over their war aims, before we have begun to look like winning, to take some interest in the much simpler thing called Robbing the Poor. F. W. H.

Ashtead, Surrey.

CENSORSHIP IN FRANCE

SIR,—In his admirable letter, published earlier this month in the *Times* and elsewhere, Mr. Stanley Unwin spoke of the wording of the new Defence Regulations as "ominous." He was referring in particular to the possible use to which they may be put in preventing "honest freedom of speech," and after a comparison with the powers granted to the Government during the last war under D.O.R.A., he concluded that they "could be used to stifle almost any criticism of any governmental action in wartime, or even the discussion of war aims."

The importance of his warning to all progressive writers and publishers has since been borne out by the experiences of a fellow publishing house in France—a country whose Government's claim to be democratic is at least as well founded as that of our own.

At the beginning of the war, the firm in question, Editions Sociales Internationales, had one hundred and ninety-six titles in its catalogue. To-day, as a result of action first by the civil authorities and later by the police, its list has been reduced to sixty-seven works, of which thirteen are "doubtful." The books prohibited include not only the writings of living authors such as Maurice Thorez and Joseph Stalin, but all the economic and philosophical works of Lenin. *Biologie et Marxisme*, by Professor Prenant of the Sorbonne, has been destroyed, and novels so well known as *Virgin Soil Upturned*, by Sholokov, and *Jews Without Money*, by Michael Gold, may no longer be sold. As a crowning example of official perspicacity, the publication of Gorki's *Mother* and Jack London's *The Iron Heel* has been prohibited because the Introductions, by Victor Marguerite and Paul Vaillant-Couturier respectively, are considered undesirable by the police!

Lawrence and Wishart, Ltd., D. M. GARMAN
2 Parton Street,
London, W.C.1.

LABOUR'S PEACE AIMS

SIR,—Speaking of Mr. Attlee's Peace Aims meeting "Polycritic" says, "Both the members of the T.U.C. and most of the Trade Union members of the Executive absented themselves from the meeting."

Members of the General Council, including its General Secretary, *were* present and I was not alone as a Trade Union member of the National Executive. And your contributor should have known that neither body was summoned to London specially to attend the meeting. It was essentially, though not exclusively, a meeting of people *in* London.

House of Commons. GEO. RIDLEY

THE RIGHT TO RAMBLE

SIR,—Readers of your paper will remember that early this year a great deal of controversy took place on the Access to Mountains Bill which, after a stormy passage, became an Act of Parliament.

Mr. Creech Jones, M.P., when moving the second reading of the Bill, put the position very aptly when he said:

> Is it not just to extend the rights of men and women, particularly in the industrial North, to the healthy and harmless enjoyment of the country they are asked to serve?

Ramblers, and all those who feel that we should have the right to walk over uncultivated moors and mountains, will be surprised to learn that his measure has been abandoned for the duration of the war. PAT RIMEL,
for the Progressive Rambling Club

"ART FOR THE PEOPLE"

SIR,—In an interesting account, in your current issue, of the exhibition of paintings organised by the British Institute of Adult Education at the City Literary Institute, your Art Critic says:

> The B.B.C. had arranged an elaborate series of explanatory talks on painting, which regrettably—dare one say, unwisely?—have been cancelled.

I am glad to be able to give a happier bulletin of this series. It was postponed, but not cancelled; and now, under the title of "The Artist in the Witness Box," it is to begin on Monday, November 27th, at 7.40 p.m.

One of the B.B.C.'s last peace-time jobs was the production of a shilling pamphlet, illustrated—dare one say, handsomely?—in colour and otherwise, to bear this series company. It, too, has come to life again and is now on sale. I fancy that many of your readers will appreciate it. STEPHEN TALLENTS

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THE MOORES

The Moores of Moore Hall. By JOSEPH HONE. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

George Moore, the merchant of Alicante, built Moore Hall when he returned from Spain. The site, on the top of a wooded hill overlooking an inlet of Carra Lake, caught his eye—no doubt it embodied his Irish dreams. He had meant to improve, and to settle at, Ashbrook House, the more modest home of his family, but, like other Irishmen of his period, he could not but deviate into the grand idea. He had the means: he had more than made good during his term abroad—perhaps his ability came from his mother's side; she had been an Athy of Renville, and the Athys head the roll of the great Galway burgher families. Now, backed by a solid fortune, this first George Moore set out to buy up land at a time when land in Ireland cost more than it does now. He had a right, also, to his wish for the grand, for he had soared out of the Anglo-Irish ambiguity by taking out a patent of nobility in order to attend the court of Spain. He had established, as far as one knows rightly, descent from the Yorkshire family of the Blessed Thomas More. He and his wife (*née* Miss de Kilikelly, or Kelly, reared in Spain and married by him at Bilbao) had thus made part of the aristocratic society of Catholic *émigré* Irish that gathered at Catholic courts. The Catholicism of the Moores—as the fourth and last George Moore was not slow to point out—was recent, and on the whole unimpassioned: that Miss Athy, the merchant's mother, had been a Catholic and brought the religion in. Miss de Kilikelly confirmed the matter, of course. In the clement, propitious Spanish air, the George Moores got from their religious background, advancement, poise. But back in Ireland, in Mayo, the position of Catholic gentry was not too good.

However, a chapel was built at the top of the new house, and the family practised its own religion in an easy, unbigoted way. Later, they were to attract Miss Edgeworth and her friend the Dean by their liberalism, their readiness to discuss. With the Moores, there were no mines in this area; their fanaticisms worked out in other ways. The last George Moore's abnegation of Rome and rather wordy embracement of the Protestant faith was the first Moore act of religious fanaticism.

The woods at the top of Muckloon Hill were cleared, and Moore Hall went up. Begun in 1792, the bland Georgian house in its watchful position over the lake and islands was not to live much more than a hundred and thirty years. In 1923 it was burned down—victim, like other Senators' houses, of party violence. Mr. Hone shows a dreadful photograph of the shell—not the least indignity is the ivy. While it stood, classic and bare and strong, the house embodied that perfect idea of living that, in actual living, cannot realise itself. The inside, in proportion and decoration, was of Renaissance simplicity. It was (someone said) a house built for hot days; the ceilings must have reflected the lake light. On the first floor, "the summer room" gave, through a Venetian window, on to a balcony over the portico. Had George Moore the First forgotten the rains of the West, the isolation in acres of wet woods? His son, George Moore the Second, the historian, when recalled, to rule here, from London, from the pleasures of Holland House, added a notable library. But it was he who said, "Beautiful as it is, much as I love it, I have not always been able to exclude ennui from its precincts."

As the returned merchant found, and as his son the thinker found later, to dream of Ireland is one thing, to live there another. Ireland broke each of the Moores, in her oblique way. But being spirited people, they broke well.

George Moore the First created more than a house. By building Moore Hall, and by buying much land round it, he saddled his descendants with that something between a *raison d'être* and a predicament—an Irish estate. The hold is ghostly as well as material; there is a touch of "I have, therefore I am." And, from the outset, nothing went very well. The former Miss de Kilikelly moped for Spain and never quite settled down. The eldest son, John, gave trouble: reared abroad, he took his transplantation to Ireland in only too good faith. He detached himself from some squalid troubles in London to plunge into revolutionary politics. The Moores, already appalled, next learned that Citizen John Moore had been, immediately after the French landing, proclaimed President of the Republic of Connaught by General Humbert. John was arrested; tortuous and expensive litigation ended only with his obscure death. The unimpeachable Moores had the neighbourhood's sympathy, but nothing was bad enough for poor John.

Thus, George Moore the Second became the heir; his father's death recalled him from London to Moore Hall. He married a Mayo lady, Louisa Browne. This Louisa Moore, with her hard, brilliant dark eyes and curled upper lip, was a *maîtresse femme*. Women like this, in every few generations, dominate, in all classes, Irish family life. Her husband's frail health and his pre-occupations made her master as well as mistress of Moore Hall. In her passionate dealings with people—most of all with her eldest son—Mrs. Moore stopped at nothing. Anything might be used to implement a quarrel. The letters she wrote George Henry were those of a thwarted mistress rather than of a mother. She took up an impossible position when, her second son John having been killed in a riding accident, she set herself against all horses, point blank. With George Henry, love for a faithless mistress cured itself (no thanks to the intervention of his aunt, Miss Browne) but horses continued to impassion and dominate him—as they dominated Mayo and most of Irish society. Augustus, the third son, precocious and disappointing mathematician, soon cared for nothing but horses, either. First with the Mayo squireens, then in England and with the Waterford set (who jumped their horses in halls) the two brothers showed indomitable courage and silliness—and George Henry ran up horsey debts. Mrs. Louisa Moore lived in that sort of dread that does seem able to magnetise tragedy—Augustus *was* killed, riding at Liverpool. Life for George Henry took a serious turn—he turned to the heartbreak of politics.

It was Mrs. Louisa Moore who maintained, on behalf first of her husband, then of her sons, the friendship with Miss Edgeworth. Interchanges of visits and letters between the two households were lively, affectionate, fruitful. In Miss Edgeworth's conversation, in her power to put him back into touch with what should have been his own world, the historian found real solace. Unable to keep back ennui, shanghaied in this world of rain and intensive family feeling, with Miss Edgeworth he breathed astringent air. This man wrote, in an unfinished Preface:

> I have had no celebrity in my life. But a prospect of posthumous fame pleases me at this moment . . . we are so made that while we are still living we like to think that we shall not be forgotten after our deaths.

He referred to the promise, solemnly given, that his family were to see through the press his *Historical Memoir of the French Revolution*. For this purpose, £500 was set aside; in this was to lie his posthumous fame. It was good that he found the prospect worth so much. For his *Historical Memoir* was never published, though Miss Edgeworth brought up her failing powers and Louisa and the already distracted George Henry did what they could. It was left to the last George, in an access of family spleen, to bring up the fate of the manuscript.

George Henry Moore's problems as landlord and politician occupy later chapters of Mr. Hone's book. *An Irish Gentleman* was the title of George Henry's biography, by Colonel Maurice Moore, his second son. Their father's death left George Moore the Fourth, the writer, and Maurice Moore, the soldier, heirs to the family predicament—and to more, to the family *sense* of predicament. The keen British officer and the Catholic patriot ceaselessly struggled inside Colonel Moore's breast. Also, Colonel Moore loved Moore Hall with passion, his wife had lived there, his children were bred to love it—but Colonel Moore was only the second son and George had broken the entail and could do what he liked—a position George did not fail to make more than clear. George himself was martyrised by a divided wish—to be the free artist, to be the *grand seigneur*. He was plagued by Moore Hall worries wherever he went—fateful letters in dogged handwriting, sure to begin inside, "Sir, I am sorry to tell you . . ." Letters that make the absentee's heart sink at an Irish stamp. Such letters had harried every reigning Moore; they followed George to Paris, to Ebury Street. The debts, the debts, the roof, the tenants, the drains, the trees. . . . How continue the page of unmarred prose with the Irish stamp sticking out under the manuscript? If George's mincing shoes and town clothes looked funny to his employees, he was none the less a just landlord; he rackrented Moore Hall sensations only—the lake gave him two books. In essence, he wished to return—the Ely Place years had disabused him of Ireland, but he kept the physical feeling for Moore Hall—his ashes repose on one of the lake islands now. His cruelty—an unnerving sprightly sadism—to his over-sincere brother was, I think, neurotic, fruit not only of their over-intensive

childhood but of generations of life before them rank with the family myth.

Mr. Hone's *The Moores of Moore Hall* covers much ground, in years and experiences, and is at the same time admirably compressed. He has dealt temperately with his material. He quotes just fully enough from letters—family letters, letters from stewards, trainers, debtors, neighbours and friends. Small momentous incidents come out—there was the cook, for instance, who could no longer stand heat. The racing chapters could not be livelier, and seem to me well-informed; the sticky political passages are done with clearness and calm. Here is not only a very welcome pendant to Mr. Hone's existing *Life of George Moore*, but a picture, put in perspective and generalised, of an Irish landed family's scope and fate.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

VERY STRANGE DISHES

The Ages of Man: Shakespeare's Image of Man and Nature. Selected by George Rylands. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Each successive period discovers its favourite virtues in the great artists of the past. Thus the Victorians revered Raphael for the sentiment with which he painted his Madonnas, while we try to overlook the sentiment and exalt the design. And those who thirty years ago were defending Cézanne's right to distort, now hear the young lauding him as the most conscientious of realists. In Shakespeare the Victorians particularly relished the moralist and the painter of womanly character. We, on the other hand, are very aware that he reduced the femininity of his women to fit the compass of the boy-actors; and his platitudes often seem to us intolerable—so much so that Polonius's advice is now often presented as a comic interlude. We recognise, more completely than our predecessors, Shakespeare's extraordinary virtuosity in the use of his medium, the stage, and we exalt him as the greatest handler of words that has ever appeared. On both these excellences Mr. George Rylands is a main authority: he has produced a number of the plays with uncommon justice, and his book, *Words and Poetry*, is a most imaginative and thorough study of the diction. He now gives us an anthology. This is, of course, very different from the old *Gems* or *Beauties* with such headings as "God's Goodness ever to be Remembered," "Doing our Duty Merits not Praise" and "Immoderate Grief Discommended." Reading it (he explains) "we must forget or neglect the characterisation. We receive in recompense and in isolation two elements: the thing said and the way in which it is said; not the form but the content and the style." Here is reason enough for this fascinating book. Mr. Rylands however calls to his support Dr. Johnson, to whom he applies Terence's tag, *Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto.* (I doubt if Johnson would have welcomed this compliment: to this good and witty man, this admirable critic, an enormous range of human experience was utterly alien, and he gloried in his insularity.) Mr. Rylands then quotes with agreement Johnson's verdict that Shakespeare is preeminently the poet of nature, the poet that holds up a faithful mirror of manners and of life: his creatures "act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion." Evidently Shakespeare was a master of realism when he chose—but, as this anthology shows, he did not so choose most of the time. Compared with Webster or Chapman or Tourneur, he can be called "the poet of nature," but since Johnson's day our standard of naturalness has risen, while our admiration for this quality has declined. If this anthology enjoys the vast success it deserves, this will not be because the reader recognises in it the language he would have used in similar circumstances. Nor can one easily agree that Shakespeare was "the man in the street." Taine says somewhere of Napoleon that he thought the same things as his sergeants, but thought them with unheard of force. This phrase could conceivably be adapted to some poets, Horace, Chaucer, Molière. But Shakespeare? This seems to me too paradoxical, and I can only guess that Mr. Rylands has been blinded by his long commerce with this neurotic intellectual, as men cease to notice the eccentricities of their wives.

If, knowing a hundred times less about Shakespeare than Mr. Rylands, I venture to quarrel with parts of his preface, it is because his selection needs no such apology; and indeed contradicts, in my opinion, the arguments with which he defends it. The six hundred and eighty-nine extracts are fascinating not, I suggest, because they mirror life or teach us how to live, but because of their imagery, their wit, their music, their expressiveness, their singularity—in fine, their loveliness. Mr. Rylands has arranged them with the nicest art according to their subjects, so that each flower sets off its neighbour, and one can make enlightening comparisons. Thus Fortinbras's "O proud death, What feast is toward in thine eternal cell" comes next to Pembroke's "O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty! The earth had not a hole to hide this deed." Hamlet's "The readiness is all" accompanies Edgar's "Ripeness is all." Between "To be, or not to be" and Lady Macbeth's "What's done is done" Mr. Rylands suggestively interposes Caesar's "Let me have men about me that are fat: Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame" is neighbour to the less familiar "What win I if I gain the thing I seek? A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy." From his treatment of the same theme in different works we mark the changes in the poet's style; and, particularly fascinating, the quotations interspersed from the Sonnets show how his personal sufferings nourished his tragic heroes.

Often, too, the reader will be tempted to compare passages that are not set side by side in the book. Thus I collated for the first time several phrases that seemed to anticipate Sir Thomas Browne: "Undetermined differences of kings," "Husks and formless ruin of oblivion," and "The imperious flood hath left a witness'd usurpation." And in different parts of the book I came on two images; this from *Love's Labour's Lost*:

> As sweet and musical
> As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair.

and this from *Henry IV, Part* 2:

> Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
> Confound themselves with working.

Then I found them together in this form, from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

> For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
> Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
> Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

The notes are always interesting and apt. They include quotations from Johnson, Coleridge, Pater, Yeats and Granville Barker, while an extract from *Romeo and Juliet* is given a pretty parallel from Ben Jonson. The page-headings are sometimes taken from other poets—"Writ in water" heads the page that

AFTER THE DELUGE

★ The second volume of a work that is already famous. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in *The Sunday Times* says: "The book is a remarkably close and entertaining inquiry into the influence on events of democratic ideas and social psychology during the eighteen-thirties." Professor H. J. Laski in *The Manchester Guardian* described the book as "a philosophy of history that is not only illuminating and important; it is one that is constantly made refreshing by Mr. Woolf's perception of the men involved and their motives." Its author,

LEONARD WOOLF

★ according to Mr. Kingsley Martin in *The New Statesman*, "is good to read because he is interested in the ideas behind the facts rather than in the facts themselves and because he is a well-read and thoughtful rather than an erudite historian." *The Times Literary Supplement* says: "His book has that stimulating quality which is achieved when abstract thought is most closely interwoven with accurate analysis of fact."

15s. net

THE HOGARTH PRESS

contains Antony's " Indistinct as water is in water." In reprints of the book I would ask for headings on the left as well as on the right pages as well as for more of these invaluable notes.

The second interest of this anthology is the variety of comparatively unfamiliar passages. Probably the best recommendation of the book would be to fill this page with examples: here are a few of the many lines I marked:

> As sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
> Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
> With ravishing division, to her lute.
>
> Yet in this captious intenible sieve
> I still pour in the waters of my love,
> And lack not to lose still.
>
> Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
> Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
> O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
> And drown me with their sweetness.
>
> Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
> That no supporter but the huge firm earth
> Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
> Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
>
> In her the painter had anatomized
> Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign.
>
> O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
>
> Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
> The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
> Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
> Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Each of these comes from a different work, but I confess I could not have placed one of them correctly. Looking at them—and I have been careful not to pick " difficult " passages—I wonder again at this praise of Shakespeare as the man in the street whose dialogue is level with life. Far more frequently his words seem to me, like those of the love-sick Claudio, " a very fantastical banquet—just so many very strange dishes." And it is as such, I think, that this anthology is best recommended. All of us, except professional scholars, are likely to find in it hundreds of reasons for surprise. Mr. Rylands says that the poet wrote " to be understanded of the people ": but was it not rather to make them goggle? The Elizabethans, like the modern Americans, delighted in the unfamiliar and extraordinary. Coleridge in a quotation given in this book declares that: " Poetry gives most pleasure when only generally and not perfectly understood." By acting on this belief, while paying lip-service to Pope and Dr. Johnson, Mr. Rylands has contrived an anthology skilfully suited to contemporary taste. Admirers of Yeats and Eliot will like it better than admirers of Kipling and Housman, but for this Shakespeare much more than Mr. Rylands is to blame. He really is a most peculiar poet.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE ILLUSIONS OF POWER

The 20 Years Crisis, 1919—1939. By PROFESSOR E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

The 20 Years Crisis is a study of power. It analyses international relations with the same ruthlessness, and something of the same detached relish in the supremacy of things evil, which inspired Hobbes to write *The Leviathan.* Hobbes demonstrated the amoral character of sovereignty in the despotic nation State of the seventeenth century. With impartial ridicule he exposed both the hypocrisy of the courtier philosophers, who maintained that the King ruled by divine right and the facile optimism of those lawyers who maintained that the majesty of law or the spirit of a social contract could restrain the possessors of power from the pursuance of their will. Morality, he argued, exists; but morality cannot restrain power, issues usually from the possessors of power and has binding force only when it is backed by power. Woe unto those who, relying on the righteousness of their cause, challenge the might of sovereign princes.

For many years *The Leviathan* has been treated by Anglo-Saxon writers either as a fallacy to be easily confounded or as a fantasy of crabbed cynicism. Thinkers have arisen to establish, on the foundations of idealist or utilitarian logic, the sovereignty of Law and of the popular will, the wickedness of power-politics, the certainty of human progress. To use Professor Carr's terminology, " realist " politics have been replaced by Utopian theory.

Nowhere has this change had more devastating effects than in the sphere of international affairs. Here for the past hundred years, and particularly since 1918, English thought has been dominant. English thinkers have been able to deduce from Euclidian first principles how the world should be ruled, and then, with a most unmathematical confusion of theory and practice, to assert that, since law, justice and humanity *ought* to be sovereign, they *would* be sovereign if everyone *believed* that they were. Or to put it in another way, the Utopians believed that the essential foundation of a League of Nations was a universal League of Nations Union.

In his first job of dealing with the Utopians, Professor Carr is brilliantly successful. With admirable dexterity, he picks up Professors Zimmern and Toynbee as though they were delicate butterflies, and pins them down on his board. And there, when his task is finished, is a perfect collection of the fauna of English international thought in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

But why did these butterflies flourish unharmed? Why were their delicate wings unbroken by the winds of power? Professor Carr replies that they flourished because they fluttered in a garden, walled round, not with Law and the sovereign will of nations, but with the power of satiated empires. Utopian theory could afford to ridicule Hobbes and decry Machiavelli because it gave a humanitarian elegance to the most powerful States of Europe and America. Aggression had been abolished by the simple device of rendering impotent all those who had injustices to redress.

The airy neglect of the significance of power which has marked English liberal thought for the last fifty years soon ceased to be a mere adornment. By an astonishing process of permeation, it came to dominate both the Labour Movement and, even more remarkable, the Conservative party as well. Mr. Amery became a back number because he refused to renounce common sense: and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Eden, and Lord Halifax entered on the inheritance of the British imperial tradition. Converted by the phrases of the L.N.U. (an important electoral factor) they too began to denounce " power-politics " and to believe that the *status quo* could be defended by high-minded appeals to " the rule of law " and " the sanctity of treaties," combined with an equally high-minded surrender to threats of force.

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corrupted by its noblest phrases. Utopian ideology first sapped the revolutionary ardour of the Left and made it a part of the old social order, decently critical, nervous of power. The Right, secure from serious attack, sat back in easy possession, and succumbed to the disease. It, too, began to prefer appearance to reality, the fine phrase to the concrete interest, the soft compromise to the defence of security. During the 1920's Britain carried through a unilateral psychological disarmament. In domestic and in foreign affairs the will to power, with which is coupled the understanding of power, quietly died. We were prepared to use power neither for the defence of the *status quo* nor for the accomplishment of peaceful change. Both the Left and the Right lisped Utopian phrases about the rule of law and the blessings of peace, while men and nations who by bitter experience knew the value of power quietly prepared their assault upon our security. While Hitler attacked the indefensible with the weapons of the devil, we defended it—with the tongues of angels.

Professor Carr has been deeply influenced by two writers, Karl Mannheim and Reinhold Niebuhr. The assault he delivers on Utopianism derives its analysis from the former, its moral force from the latter, and Professor Carr adds his own sauce of Foreign Office wit. Like Niebuhr, he sees clearly that to substitute " the realism of power politics " for the fantasies of Utopia is to move merely from one mythology to another. It is no more realistic to deny the place of morality in international affairs than to affirm its supremacy. Realism and Utopianism are two complementary movements in the dialectic of world history and of the individual mind. No one can solve theoretically their fundamental contradiction, but the great statesman holds them in the equilibrium of action. It is the absence of this equilibrium in British policy and thought that Professor Carr laments.

And here the analogy with Hobbes is particularly striking. Philosophical analysis is the mark of an epoch in decay. Man perceives that his hopes are illusions, only when his powers are failing ; but his disillusionment is still expressed in the categories of illusion, and is therefore itself Utopian. *The Leviathan* was a masterpiece of power-analysis, but its practical conclusions were nonsensical : they suggested a return to despotism when despotism was already dying. So, too, with *The 20 Years Crisis*. Professor Carr's exposure of Utopianism leads him to a wholehearted support of appeasement, and a " realistic " admission that since the " balance of power " has shifted we must make way for Hitler. He assumes that Nazi Germany and Communist Russia are just Nation-States on the nineteenth century model and treats Hitler as a modern Bismarck. International relations *are* simply relations between States where power is one and indivisible, he argues ; and at once falls into an illusion as profound as that of Professors Zimmern and Toynbee.

For the paramount fact of our age of transition is the transformation not only of nineteenth-century ideologies but of nineteenth-century power. In Germany and Russia we see, not the creation of new States on the old model, but of new forms of political and economic organisation which threaten to supersede the old order of national sovereignty. We are witnessing the birth-pangs of a new world, and in order to take part in its shaping we must get rid not only of our old Utopias but of our old realism. Professor Carr has shown the entire inadequacy of Professors Zimmern and Toynbee. Who will demonstrate the entire inadequacy of Professor Carr ?

RICHARD COVENTRY

POLITICS AND PROSE

New Writing. New Series No. 3. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Hogarth. 7s. 6d.*

The Best Short Stories of 1939. English and American. Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

Break Away : No. 1. (36 Ampthill Sq., N.W.1.) *6d.*

During its four years of existence *New Writing* has consistently stood for a sane conception of the relation between politics and writing. The " New " of its title is not used in the sense of esoteric or experimental (the teasing fragment from a novel by E. Sackville West in this issue is one of the only items that could be called new in that sense). Nor has it stood for the orthodox Marxist conception (which is temperately stated here by Randall Swingler)—far less for the cruder versions of it. It has rather stood for the view—and that by implication rather than by manifesto—that, in what we must now call the pre-war epoch, the attempt to escape from reality into private worlds was, for the writer, not so much wrong as creatively sterile. Private writing could never have gone much further than *Ulysses*, *The Waste Land* or the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, and the impulse which produced something of a creative revolution in poetry, with the work of Auden, Spender and Day Lewis, was a return to public writing, based on the belief that in a sick society the individual could not heal himself, and that the narrow field of the cultivated sensibility was being ploughed and furrowed at the expense of the rest of the landscape. *New Country* and *New Signatures*, which heralded the movement, appeared early in the nineteen-thirties, at the beginning of one of the most sharply political decades that have ever been ; and it was only to be expected that the general moral issues which exercised those writers, the problems of war and pacificism, of the decay of the social order and the dream of a better world, should merge with active politics.

New Writing might easily, under the pressure of events, have deteriorated into a propagandist sheet. What is surprising, on looking back over the volumes, is how clear Mr. Lehmann has kept its pages from propaganda. The reportage, the poetry and the stories which it published, especially from Spain, may have had the effect of inspiring people. But they were printed on their merits as writing (they can still be re-read with pleasure) and no more made *New Writing* a propaganda organ, than Mr. Auden's brilliant analyses of the human situation, because they were true and " Left Wing," make him a "recruiting sergeant."

Regular readers of this half-yearly miscellany know by now what to expect. This issue, even larger than usual, is on such a consistently high level that it is almost invidious to mention names. The poetry section is particularly strong, headed by W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Louis McNeice and George Barker and including a delightful ballad by William Plomer. Among the stories V. S. Pritchett's *The Sailor* stands out for its completeness and Willy Goldman's *Idyll* for its freshness, while Nicolai Virta's *On a Journey* shows that even the Russians do not subscribe to the vulgarest conceptions of political art.

A particularly interesting feature of *New Writing* (represented here, among others, by Walter Allan, B. L. Coombes, G. D. Skelton) has been the introduction of what is called, too often contemptuously, proletarian writing. That term is understood better in America than here, for a reason inherent in a difference between our respective class structures. To the bulk of readers and writers in England, the working class is a foreign country which they may find it interesting to visit occasionally, as they occasionally read—or write—a travel book ; while to most American readers and writers, the working class is their native country from which they have only lately—usually within living memory—emigrated. If American prose is more powerful, alive and compelling than English, it is because it is not uprooted, as most English writing is, from that class of the people by whom at the moment the raciness of our language is revitalised, and among whom the reaction to life is violent, immediate and first-hand. If Mr. Forster is right in suggesting that the English working class " still have something which the middle classes have not and the aristocracy once had ; spontaneity, natural gaiety, recklessness," the opening of the channels to these sources should have a revitalising effect on English prose.

The influence of it is evident, to a limited extent, in this year's selection of *The Best Short Stories of the Year*, which contains work by several writers, Leslie Halward, T. O. Beachcroft, G. F. Green, who, had it not been for the work of *New Writing*, might, imaginably, not have been there. Yet one cannot help noticing in reading this collection that the earlier generation of writers, H. E. Bates, H. A. Manhood, Malachi Whitaker, Elizabeth Bowen, write, technically speaking, much better stories. The subjects may be, by *New Writing* standards, dull, for they tend, as Miss Bowen herself wrote in the introduction to the *Faber Book of Modern Stories*, " To explore and annotate different kinds of escape and compensation." But a movement that intends to break away from these subjects can only do so successfully if its stories, as stories, are equally good. It is not enough as the editors of a new magazine, *Breakaway*, urge : " To write about real people : real problems : to capture the hum of machines, the smoke pall of our cities," etc., etc. It does not solve the problem just to write about the working class, any more than it solves the problem *not* to write about the working class, or to think the working class a dull subject. The choice of the subject is of great importance ; but if a magazine has nothing else as a purpose, it will go the same way as all the other magazines devoted to, and the reviews depending on, the short story in the last few years.

They failed because too many of their stories were not stories at all, but the products of their author's failure to write poetry. *Break Away* will fail in its turn, if it does not distinguish between

THE ECONOMIC CAUSES OF WAR

LIONEL ROBBINS

Professor of Economics in the University of London

The object of this essay is to explain the part played by economic factors in the causation of modern war. The essay concludes with a plea that the creation of the United States of Europe should be the leading war aim of the democratic powers. *Published to-day* 5s. net

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'It is of considerable topical interest. The expert economist will find Mr. Francis's work interesting and stimulating. For the layman it is an easily readable and well-documented account of the economic tides and cross-currents which are ever at work beneath the political storms of history.' *Financial Times* 12s. 6d. net

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story and reportage. There is much to be said for good reportage, especially in times of struggle or war; at its best it has produced very good writers like Mr. George Orwell, an excellent example of whose work can be found in this number of *New Writing*. But it was a proletarian critic in the *Daily Worker* who, in reviewing some working-class novels recently, complained that the writers were too concerned with seeing from the outside and not enough with seeing from the inside. And it would be a disservice to the new tradition to deny that much of its work is flat, depressing and frankly dull. A good eye and a good ear are only the beginning, and even when you add imagination you are still only at the stage of reportage at its best. There are canons of story-writing as there are of any other art, and they have to be studied, and one of the best beginnings I can recommend is to read Miss Elizabeth Bowen's introduction to the *Faber Book of Modern Stories*. The English tradition of short story writing, has, she suggests, rejected the influence of Maupassant and concentrated on that of Chehov, via Katharine Mansfield. For the evocative, for the handling of subtleties of mood, atmosphere and character, the form is undoubtedly right, and Miss Bowen's own brilliant use of it is an example to all young writers. But for the break away, I suggest a return in the crudest way to Plot. Violence of action, ingenuity of incident, the ironic turn, the device of suspense, these have been left too long to the competent commercials and the single field of detection. It is time, perhaps, that the story returned to its original function of telling a tale, and the working-class subject offers the opportunity. Such a suggestion will be open, of course, to the charge of vulgarity, but that need worry no one. Vulgarity of the right kind is a quality that has been missing too long from all English art; and emphasis on plot need not necessarily involve the emotional banalities or the character clichés of the commercial magazine.

However that may be, it would certainly be useful to establish a separate category for reportage, thus pointing an important distinction, in future issues of *New Writing*. For though this volume is the last of the regular series, we are promised more when and as opportunity allows. One can only hope that it will be often; for the task which Mr. Lehmann undertook in 1935 is by no means finished or even interrupted by the war. The movement he was fostering then was not a mere fashion; and the task of writers "to make their country conscious of the forces at work in the world," so far from being in abeyance, is more important than ever before. The Twenties, however much we enjoyed them, are behind us; the Forties, whatever they may be like, will not be simply a repeat.

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NEW NOVELS

What's In It for Me. By JEROME WEIDMAN. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

No Arms, No Armour. By R. D. Q. HENRIQUES. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Brief Light. By JACK LINDSAY. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

If one can regret anything about *What's In It for Me* it is that the present fashion in novels prevents it from appearing as Volume II of Mr. Weidman's *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, for the two books together make an extremely satisfactory whole and should be considered as such. The story of the whole is the rise and fall of a swindler in the New York garment business and it is one of the best trade novels that has been written since Balzac's *César Birotteau*. It has the same mastery of technical detail which led to the earlier book becoming known as Balzac on Bankruptcy, it has the same brio in the narration, and it has the same swift and brilliant characterisation. What is more, while it gets on with the business of telling an entertaining story it deals with the big themes that give fiction the power to endure. The chief of these is the theme which comes up again and again in the *Comédie Humaine*, the usual failure of human beings to behave creditably on being shown all the cities of the world, the process by which ambition leads individuals to become enemies of the community. The second theme is a corollary of the first, the complicated relation of the man who takes his own desires as the law with his community. The relation is in this case one of contemporary importance because Harry Bogen is a Jew who lives according to the pattern described as specifically Jewish in such productions as *Der Sturmer*. The theme is worked out in his slow breaking with his people and with his family as his desire to possess the signs and symbols of wealth leads him into more and more shady and elaborate financial dealing. The discussion of these ideas is an integral part of the book; it is so skilfully wedded to the story that one needn't be bothered by it for a moment. It can be taken, if one wishes, as the critic of the *New York Times* has taken it—"a slick job of writing, as hard boiled as a twelve-minute egg."—as a thriller which by a happy chance isn't soaked in blood. Perhaps this is the way to write the novel of ideas; not to leave the thought sticking out all over it like the bayonets of a sea urchin, but to present it with simple digestible appearance of something served in aspic. But whether it is going to be read as a novel or as a thriller, *What's In It for Me* should be treated as part two of a story which begins in Mr. Weidman's first book.

There is no taking *No Arms, No Armour* as anything else than an extremely thoughtful book, and if the thought is of an extremely woozy kind that does not make it less interesting. It is the work of an army officer and it is, as the publishers take some pains to inform us, very largely autobiographical. The story is of the what-happened-next order, but the plot is not so much concerned with events as with what goes on inside the Officer-hero's head; it is in effect the autobiography of Balaam's Ass. The hero starts off as a binging, cock-fighting, nit-wit with no interest in the world beyond the stable walls and he ends by knowing what's what, about Sickert and Renoir, and the "moment of truth," and the warp and weft of life. One doesn't know about Balaam's subsequent relations with the Donkey, it spoke with an authority that must have made it disagreeable to ride on afterwards. Mr. Henriques's hero is one of the "thinking" officers fairly typical of the Army Party which has been dominant since Mr. Belisha's great shake up of the organisation, a fairly close parallel to the type of officer who appeared in the French Army in the period between the Dreyfus Case and the last war. Just as they had been jolted out of belief in the accepted tenets of their caste by *The Affair* the officers of the English Army to-day have been jolted out of their easy assurance by such things as the business of Haig's promotion, the Curragh affair, and the handling of the Machine Gun and Tank Corps after the war. The Army was run inefficiently by manifestly unintelligent and ill-educated people. Mr. Liddell Hart and many less well-known writers in such papers as the *Army Quarterly* began to suggest that an officer should be intelligent rather than of good family and that he should have a

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liberal rather than an army-class education, and most of the younger officers lost their faith in the organisation of which they were a part. The sceptical French officer was able to find a home in the brisk materialism of Freemasonry or in the intense mystique of intellectual Catholicism, but the Englishman in spiritual difficulty is unlikely to get much comfort in an English Lodge or from a national church that is more interested in philanthropy and emotion than in philosophy. Mr. Henriques's solution of the dilemma is a mystical philosophy of an alarmingly primitive kind, most of the values reflect very closely what is known of pagan Saxon conceptions and there is also a very rum compound of Hemingway and Gerald Heard. The life of the individual is a progress culminating in the *moment of truth*, at the same time it is a thread woven into a pattern. . . .

> That is the hard part; for when it has died, when you are no longer self, when you are no longer grasping or needful, when there is no Tubby—he will be all powerful. He will be all love . . . that is the way you are travelling, the thread you are weaving in the pattern. . . .

The tough bullfighter and the Yogi are brought together by making a compromise between *samahdi* and the moment of truth, a curious supra-sexual ecstasy referred to as "exaltation" which can be reached by coming to complete self-knowledge. It will be funny if Mr. Heard should turn out to be the founder of a soldier's religion, but it is not altogether amusing that such a philosophic aberration should flourish among those in whose hands rests so much of the power and authority of the state. Little as one liked the Army that believed in The Empire, Breeding, The Rich Man and his Castle, and such Blimpery, one at least knew what to expect from it; this Army without beliefs, without self-confidence, perplexed and uncertain, is a more disturbing, a more incalculable, factor. The publishers are to be congratulated for bringing out this novel which with its sentimentality and muddle-headedness reveals the dilemma of a class as few novels written with more artifice have managed to do.

Mr. Lindsay's *Brief Light* is concerned with the problem of a clique rather than a class. Catullus certainly thought seriously of very little but his attempt to give to Latin poetry something of the ease and grace of the Greek Lyric and to make his own poetry carry as much emotion to the reader as was possible. He led an easy, pleasant life in aristocratic Roman circles, and as his aristocratic friends were Republicans, and Julius Caesar behaved as if he wished to replace the Republic by a Monarchy, he turned out a great deal of neat scurrilous verse about the Dictator. Unfortunately he was asked to dinner by Caesar, and, face to face with the man, discovered that his conception of politics was far superior to anything which he had run across in the Claudian drawing-rooms, that he was certainly right in his opinion that the Empire had outgrown the political machinery of the little city state at its centre, that Caesar's views on the use of simple everyday speech in prose and poetry were sound and that he was an extremely charming person. The moral of this story may be only that poets who have left the Ivory Tower should be careful whom they dine with, but it may go deeper than this. In any case Mr. Lindsay tells Catullus's story with a great deal of charm and if one or two scenes recall Fortunio Matania in his more daring moments such lapses are rare and the book is on the whole readable and agreeable.

ANTHONY WEST

THE PROMISED LAND

Refuge in the Andes. By RUDOLF MESSEL. *John Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Late in 1936 a group of 50 German refugees was sent out to Colombia to settle on 300 acres of land bought for them by an organisation called the International Pagan Council. I do not know who the international pagans are and most people, according to Mr. Rudolf Messel, do not know where Colombia is. Not to be confused with British Columbia, Colombia is at the top of the South American leg of mutton adjoining Panama. The bone of the Andes runs through it. From a coast of tropical forest the land rises to the mountain wall and it is nothing to find towns ten thousand feet above sea level. One wonders whether the cold, rarefied atmosphere of the altitude had anything to do with the state of irritability and lassitude which had overcome the colonists by the time Mr. Messel was sent out in 1938 to see what was the matter with them.

A good deal of the world's pioneering has been done by refugees and a gloom always seems to hang over their early history. Of the original 50 Germans only 17, apparently, had stayed with the colony and rumours reached England that the whole thing was breaking down because of internal quarrels carried to violent lengths, lack of money and starvation. The survivors seen by Mr. Messel were obviously in a bad way. The deterioration had in fact been mental as well as economic. They were in the hands of a jolly old German, a Nazi land speculator whose object seemed to be to discredit them in the neighbourhood in order to show how right Hitler had been to get rid of such people; they had attempted a collective but had failed; and they were disinclined to be inspected by a visiting Englishman or to be "dictated to" by him. Quite beyond helping themselves they lectured him on democracy.

Mr. Messel's account of how, against their continuous opposition, he slowly got them out of the mess, got them a tractor, a firm market for their produce and drove them, once more, into a collective is absorbing. It is, in fact, an object lesson, an indication of what baits must be offered the individual before he will combine with others. Tact, as he admits, was not his strong point and one wonders how tactful it is to have published this candid story, for it appears to have many gaps in it; but he had drive, courage, and also, for occasions, a useful high temper. A greater interest attaches, however, to the wider implications of this experiment and to set these in a proper perspective he makes a useful digression into South American history. This region was, before the Spaniards, the home of Indian communism, and at present the governing minority in Colombia and its neighbours can be politically divided roughly on the lines on which Europe divided at the Reformation. On the one hand there are the landlords and the feudal system closely allied to the Church; on the other the Liberals behind whom stand the foreign industrialists. Is the Indian about to exchange his exploiters? Will he eventually make a communist system (not in the strict Marxist sense of the term) to which, in the huge untouched hinterland of the country, his racial instinct naturally leads him? In short when he sees the refugee collective —and the peons were the most interested observers of the colonists —what will he think and how will he react? The refugees were, of course, not communists. Very far from it, as Mr. Messel knew

Cambridge.
1.xi.39.

Dear Richards,

Your new book on my brother contains very little with which I could disagree. I am especially glad to find that our views on his enlistment differ only in a matter of emphasis. I should ascribe less weight to disappointment over "Seven Pillars" (then in draft) and more to disgust with political life after the Peace Conference—incidentally its decisions frustrated his wish to resume his pre-war occupation, of oriental archæologist.

You may be glad to hear that I have noticed no worse mis-statement than your talk of his R.A.F. companions as "youngsters"; they were chiefly people with mature minds and mechanical interests.

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to his pain; in any case, the governing minority in South America would not have let communists into the country.

Mr. Messel's book was written, of course, before the present war. One does not know how this has affected the refugees and, more important, the Nazis. But one understands from the picture Mr. Messel gives of the German economic hold on South America and of the political network which holds the Nazis, how it is they have succeeded in out-propaganding the French and English cause. Pioneers as well as refugees, patriots as well as exiles, feel everywhere an exaggerated passion for their homeland; Dr. Goebbels and the Gestapo keep the patriots, at least, at the right intense temper of exaggeration by their efficiency. The South Americans are impressed. It is this quality which the happy-go-lucky Home Counties atmosphere of British propaganda in South America lacks.

Mr. Messel is a pleasantly infuriated traveller. He gives a good account of the awful train journeys, the shattering bus rides and the very vocal bores who exasperated him as he went through the cold magnificent mountains from one one-horse town to the next. He is rather lofty and a shade too polished for it all and one suspects that his nerves weren't made to stand the alternatives of raucousness and vacuum, enthusiasm and apathy, which follow the Spaniards everywhere they go; but he is observant and amusing. And when like an efficient and exhausted maiden aunt he comes to the end of his heroic labours, one congratulates him warmly. Anyone who can survive that deserted main street of Popayan, shown in one of the photographs, has my deep respect.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

Present Without Leave. By W. D'ARCY CRESSWELL. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Cresswell is a poet, and though there is practically no verse in this book, he tries to live accordingly in a long consistent line, ticking off the milestones as he goes along. He carries on the narrative of his former prose work, *The Poet's Progress*, and describes his journey across to England, his hawking of poems from door to door until an introduction to Sir William Rothenstein opened the door to the lions' den, and procured the publication of his first book. As a lion he is honest enough to make it amusing, and he seems to have been remarkably successful to the exclusion of any work. His guide is Sir Edward Marsh, who sets him in the right places, and views with distress his abstinence from writing; he procured a contract for an anthology which is still unpublished. Conscience drove Mr. Cresswell back to New Zealand, and he went through a period of severe poverty, working as lumberman and giving weekly broadcasts on Greek tragedy, and finally calling on the Governor-General when, after two magnificently described interviews, he was able to settle down to a more independent life, notwithstanding the Governor-General. He makes no bones about his lapses, and, especially with regard to his work, he nowhere practises self-deception.

His style is eighteenth century, he writes a severe prose, even to the extent of numbering his paragraphs with Roman figures—a precious but not offensive affectation. Despite an archaic manner, he makes a mark on the reader. However, in New Zealand he worked on and finished his Thesis, which was an introduction to the Anthology, and was divided into three parts, Introduction, Synopsis, and Conclusion. The summary of it in this book is rather deterrent, and it is with some relief that we find it was sent back by reader and publisher, both having read it and found it impossible. He then started work on a play in blank verse, with a forest as its main theme, and though it may have been a masterpiece, it does not sound much more hopeful than the thesis. Whatever the value of these works *Present Without Leave* is very well worth reading. It is original without striving after originality. Here is a man vigorous, decided, with a plan he is putting into action. He lives exuberantly; and autobiography, one feels, is his right medium.

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BOOKS TO COME

Thurber will be with us for Christmas. *The Last Flower*, a parable of the war in pictures, comes from Hamish Hamilton on December 4th. Thurber has also illustrated a somewhat frivolous essay in etymology, *In a Word*, due from the same firm on November 27th. The author, Margaret S. Ernst, is teacher of etymology in a well-known school in New York. She and Thurber between them show how words are born and die, grow rich and poor, marry and have families.

Mr. John Scanlan, still wittily disillusioned by politicians, has a new book, *Who Has Won?* coming from Allen and Unwin on December 5th. Postponed on the outbreak of war, it has now been revised and brought up to date. Mr. Scanlan's method is to draw comparisons between the speeches of the same politician or economist made at different dates.

On the same day, Allen and Unwin publish a volume of essays by Professor Hogben—*Dangerous Thoughts*. Professor Hogben deals with the history of science, with teaching methods and with current political and social questions.

In *The Hitler Cult—And How it Will End*, to be published by Dent on December 6th, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who years ago wrote one of the first books on the Hitler youth movement, discusses the Hitler-cult in all its bearings and prophesies its catastrophic termination. He here presents Hitler as an out-of-date romantic who has succeeded so far by shock-tactics but who is much less formidable than he appears.

The Joke's on Hitler, coming from the same firm on November 30th, is a collection of the subterranean jokes, satirical comments and sardonic rumour about the régime which are circulating in Germany at the present time. The anthologist is Count Alfred Hessenstein, a distinguished member of a German-Hungarian family, who has become well known as a broadcaster in England.

It is good news that there will be a new Arthur Ransome this year. In *Secret Water*, the Swallows and Amazons, set by Commander Walker to make a proper map of the islands, meet another gang, the Eels, with whom they become blood brothers. The book comes from Cape on November 28th.

On December 1st Cape publishes the *Collected Poems of A. E. Housman*.

Hamish Hamilton hopes to publish Sir Norman Angell's study of war aims, *For What Do We Fight?* on December 4th. Sir Norman examines the nature of the deep cleavages in national thinking revealed by such events as the abortive Russian negotiations, the Eden, Duff Cooper and Cranborne resignations, the Manchurian, Chinese, Abyssinian, Spanish, Czechoslovak, Tientsin and other episodes.

Mr. Herbert Read is following up his anthology, *The English Vision*, with another collection, *The Knapsack* (Routledge, December 1st), intended for those on active service and others engaged in arduous national duties. It is a volume of prose and verse, printed on thin paper.

Land Below the Wind, by Agnes Keith, to be published by Michael Joseph on November 30th, is a travel book which won the Atlantic Monthly Prize for non-fiction this year. It is an account of a sojourn in North Borneo, where Mrs. Keith's husband was Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture.

The Cambridge University Press are publishing in time for Christmas *John Brunton's Book*, the life story of a civil engineer (told by himself for his grandchildren's benefit) who worked under Stephenson and Brunel and was put in charge of hospital construction during the Crimean War. It is now printed for the first time with an Introduction by Professor J. H. Clapham. Whilst it is an eye-witness account, of obvious historical interest, of the major events of the first half of the nineteenth century, its main charm, we are told, lies in its unself-conscious revelation of Victorian character.

On November 30th the Clarendon Press will publish a new book by H. D. Dickinson, *The Economics of Socialism*. The price is 8s. 6d.

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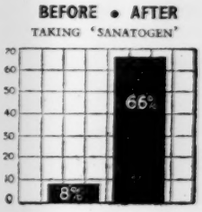

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I WANT to begin these notes by discussing two Decca recordings which arrived too late to be included in last month's review. The more important of these is Lekeu's unfinished *Piano Quartet*, played by a miscellaneous team which includes that fine violinist, Henry Koch. Owing to the laudable efforts of the Decca Company, Lekeu seems to be enjoying a mild boom just now. It was certainly time he did; for this young Belgian, who died of typhoid in 1894, at the age of twenty-four, might well have ended by outstripping his master, César Franck, and have become one of the most important transitional links between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Most record collectors will have heard the fine *Adagio for Strings*, as well as the *Violin Sonata*, both published recently. This large *Piano Quartet*, only two movements of which exist (the second was completed by Vincent d'Indy), is on the whole finer than either of the fore-mentioned works. Written in 1892, it recalls Chausson rather than Franck. The themes are noble and arresting, and the writing has the continuous flow—like an irresistible head of water—which one is accustomed to associate with Fauré's chamber music. The piano part, especially in the first movement, soars out into rhetorical octave themes above a free arpeggio accompaniment. The only criticism that suggests itself is that the very suppleness of the themes exposes them to too much facile imitation, so that the material tends to become overworked. The slow movement, though again not sufficiently close-knit, is meltingly lovely. Unfortunately, the recording is exceedingly bad. The piano tone is so uniformly dead as to give the impression that Charles Van Lancker is playing on a small upright; the string parts sound confused and scratchy, and at the *fortissimi* it is impossible to hear what is going on at all. This is all the more of a pity in that the performance is obviously on a high level. I do not know whether the *Violin Sonata* is better recorded, but it is worth while noticing that the Menuhins have just recorded it in America (Victor), so that presumably we have only to be patient and it will eventually reach us.

The second Decca recording is that of Frank Bridge's *Suite for Strings*, played by the Boyd Neel ensemble. It is foolish to turn up one's nose at music like this. Of course, it is of the second order; but its inspiration is genuine and free of vulgar attempts at effectiveness—like the best kind of Georgian poetry. The workmanship is academic in the best sense, and I think any English person would be moved by the dreamy beauty of the Nocturne. The playing and recording are excellent.

There are only two major recordings this month: Beethoven's *Fourth Piano Concerto in G*, played by Gieseking and the Saxon State Orchestra under Karl Böhm (Col.), and Schubert's *Fourth* ("*Tragic*") *Symphony in C minor*, played by the New York Philharmonic under John Barbirolli (H.M.V.). Gieseking's rendering of one of Beethoven's most consistently inspired productions is as sensitive as one would expect it to be. It is also—and I think unfortunately—a very feminine performance. The *tessitura* of the first movement is exceptionally high, and Gieseking's right hand plays throughout with an enchantingly bell-like clarity and delicacy. But the whole effect of the solo part is too imponderable; the poetry of the themes is spoilt by hurrying. There are many passages in this movement which require to be dwelt on lovingly; in this case they are only touched in. On the other hand, the handling of the Andante could hardly be improved upon. It is difficult, then, to choose between the three extant recordings of this concerto; the others are by Schnabel and Backhaus. The former is in the grand style and full of fine moments, but is marred by that singular pianist's smudgy passage-work. Backhaus gives full value to the themes and his playing is admirably virile, but this set is far from new and the orchestral accompaniment is dim and confused. Readers are advised to hear all three before deciding.

Schubert's *Tragic Symphony* (composed in 1816) is not often heard, and we should be grateful for this set. The work starts rather badly, with a conventional Adagio leading to an even duller Allegro. But the Andante is perfectly lovely, combining the warmth of Haydn with the romantic lyricism of the maturing Schubert; and the last two movements do not let us down. There are echoes of Weber, especially in the Finale. The recording is the usual harsh American affair, lacking all depth and mellowness and fusing the orchestral timbres into one. It is only fair to say, however, that it improves considerably after the first two sides. While on the subject of Schubert I should like to urge the Gramophone Company to give us the orchestral version of the *Grand Duo*. This is a magnificent work, hardly inferior to the great C major, and its almost total neglect is inexplicable. Apart from this, there is the late *E major Symphony*, which was completely sketched but never orchestrated, until Weingartner took the task in hand. The result is delightful—Schubert at almost his best; but this again has been allowed to drop out of concert programmes. H.M.V. would be doing a real service to music by recording these two works.

The latest Toscanini record (H.M.V.) seems to me a scandal. It consists of the *Scherzo* from Beethoven's *Quartet in F, Op.* 135, and a *Moto Perpetuo* by Paganini (originally written for solo violin with orchestra), both played by the full strings of the N.B.C. Orchestra. The first piece is a mere curiosity. The parts of this delicate little movement sound hopelessly distorted when enlarged to Wurlitzer proportions. The Paganini was evidently written to drive an audience mad at the very end of a concert. It might still do so—but hardly when played by a huge body of violins. In any case, its musical value is nil. Surely the world's greatest conductor might do better by us than this! Why not another Beethoven symphony, or a Sibelius, or his electrifying rendering of Debussy's *La Mer*? Snippets like this are a waste of time and money.

Gigli has produced a single record which is all it should be: two of Mozart's most splendid Arias, "*Il mio tesoro*" and "*Dalla sua pace*" from *Don Giovanni* (H.M.V.). It is a treat to hear that prolonged F, in the first aria, so effortlessly held. This is *bel canto* at its finest.

Finally, I should like to recommend Louis Kentner's latest record: the Délibes-Dohnanyi *Naila Valse* (Col.). This is a form of entertainment that is frowned on by musicians as horribly frivolous, but for which I profess an overt affection. The *grande valse de concert*, from Chopin to Ascher, Alkan, Herz and Balakirew, embodies a virtuosity which—like Gigli's singing—can be enjoyed for its own sake, even if the actual music be sweet and academic. The present example is a very good one indeed (though perhaps not of the best vintage) and it suits Kentner's style perfectly. Only a puritan could fail to enjoy the dextrous brilliance of this piece. The stones may be only semi-precious, but the setting is Fabergé.

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A word about the latest volume of the Sibelius Society. This includes an unabridged recording of *En Saga* and the long overdue *The Bard*. Otherwise it consists of the *In Memoriam* march, the *Pelléas et Mélisande Suite* (Sibelius at his dullest), yet another version of the hackneyed *Valse Triste*, and the prelude to *The Tempest*, which is not musically interesting and was only intended to be heard in a darkened theatre. Meanwhile, news comes from America of two revised movements of the *Lemminkaïnen Suite*—*Lemminkaïnen and the Maids of Saari* and *Lemminkaïnen in Tuonela*—which by all accounts are extremely fine. It was a pity not to have given us these, plus *The Swan of Tuonela*, which could do with a new recording, and that strange, fascinating work for soprano and orchestra, *Luonnotar*. An opportunity has been missed and who can say, under present conditions, when another may occur?

EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 511

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for the first 150-200 words of the commentary for an American travel 'short' on Oxford.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 1st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 509

Set by F. E. Widdas

The usual prizes are offered for an account in not more than 300 words of the work and historical position of any famous man in art or literature who died before 35, imagining him to have survived to 70.

Report by F. E. Widdas

This competition called for both invention and credibility. Although those competitors who wrote showing genius developing on the lines it had already taken probably have the truth of the matter—I liked Georg Breuer on Mozart and A. W. Ramsay on Keats—what I wanted was audacity of invention rendered credible by ingenuity. E. H. Bedwell argued well for Marlowe's falling off in the second half of his life; "Gunner's" Seurat escaped to New York where he designed the first functional skyscraper. A. C. Peacock's Sir Philip Sidney became a Catholic and settled in Poland. A chance visitor having brought him *Romeo and Juliet*, he spent the next twenty years translating into Polish Shakespeare's plays. Willy Tadpole's Keats "admired Browning, dubbed his co-eval Carlyle 'the great disparager,' and shared Ruskin's enthusiasm for Turner, though invariably contesting his conclusions as to the ethics of art. His letters are compact of worldly sense and critical penetration. He died unmarried, at A—, a pensioner of Lord B—, whom he had served as librarian for thirty years."

Shelley was the most popular and the best fun. "The young poet-instigator of rebellion came to rule in his ancestral halls, admired by his social equals, revered by his Sussex tenantry. The undergraduate sent down for writing *The Necessity of Atheism* became a pillar of the Church. All his friends mourn to-day with Lady Shelley who receives, too, the condolences of the wider world which has long condoned the romantic commencement of that ideal union. (Reginald Gray). "*Christ's Posterity*, a denunciation of the Church of England written in 1830, is good. A similar poem on the Duke of Wellington, written a year later is incredibly poor. . . . He succeeded Southey as Laureate and his first work in that office was to denounce the Prince Consort in an extremely poor ballad." (J. W. F. Hurford). According to Edward L.P., he refused to continue his unfinished work after his escape from drowning, replying to everything "I am stopped, stopped," spent thirty years studying Greek and Roman literature, returned to England, formed a friendship with Jowett, and his dying words, addressed to his Italian nurse, were "Marietta, I am stopped." Alan R. Thomas ran riot with "Colonel Dead. Colonel P. B. Shelley, Rtd., died at his Cheltenham home yesterday after a short illness. Only last month he celebrated his seventieth birthday. As Major Shelley he took an active part in the capture of the Khyber Pass, April 1842. . . . His father was the late Sir Timothy Shelley . . . . *Cheltenham Courier and County Advertiser*, 1862." It was very amusing but I couldn't believe it. The first prize goes to the ingenious and audacious Charles Furbank and the second to L. M. J.

PIONEER CYCLIST, RADICAL PREMIER AND POET.

By the sudden death of Mr. Percy Shelley in a cycling accident at Charing Cross, England has lost a genius fully as versatile as the great Leonardo Da Vinci. Parliament has lost an ex-premier and a doughty champion of liberty. Bicycling has lost its foremost exponent, and poetry one of the most melodious of its masters. Mr. Shelley was at the head of two radical ministries. Unfortunately like most radical ministries they produced very little, but many of the Bills introduced were subsequently passed by Tory ministries, under the pressure of public opinion.

I remember once seeing him speeding down Fleet Street on his bicycle with the Rossettis flying in his wake. Pulling up, he cried to me, "Have you heard? Wordsworth's dead! I told him his sedentary ways would kill him. All his talk about lonely walks was humbug, he never took any proper exercise in his whole life!" He then mounted again and rode off loudly ringing his bicycle bell, which, by the way, he invented. I preferred his later verse to the strange poetry of his youth, though we have it on Mr. Browning's authority that it was very fine. But who could resist such lines as:

"Ah the merry cycle bells,
What sweet fairy in thee dwells
That of the wheeling faun foretells?"

How gaily they reflect the spirit of a poet who could remark as he lay dying, "I was a born revolutionary, were it only the wheels of a bicycle."

CHARLES FURBANK.

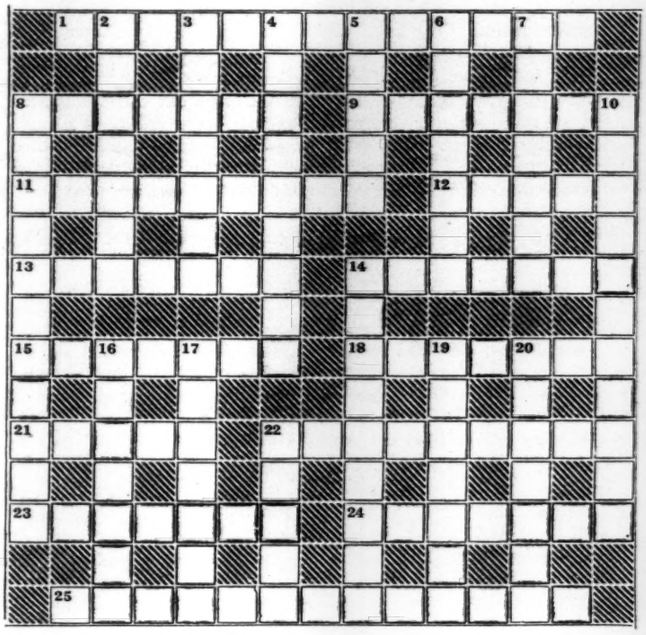
THOMAS CHATTERTON

The death occurred, at the age of seventy, of the famous historian and antiquarian, Sir Thomas Chatterton. During the whole of his life he gave his services to the British Museum, and by his help translations of many documents and illuminated manuscripts are now available. Some of us will remember the sensational attempted suicide which brought him to the notice of the public. He had been a wild lad, proud and headstrong; suffered from a sense of persecution, and refused to accept help from his friends. Several poems written by him in his early youth showed promise of genius—but he turned his attention to the study of ancient documents and data. He married a widow and devoted her money to his special interests; he was knighted for his generous donations to exploration schemes. Though always suffering from either melancholia or violent fits of temper (he was twice summoned for assault), he was always an interesting figure, and many people visited the British Museum just to see him stamping around there.

L. M. J.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 507

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later that first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Shirien, 5 Wainham Road, Horsham.

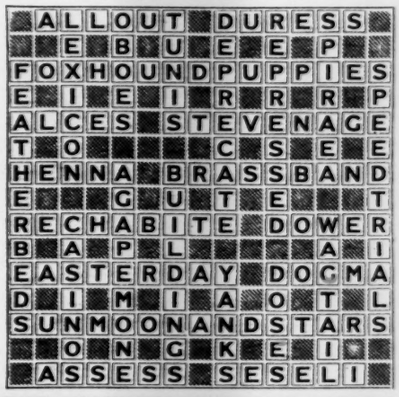
ACROSS

1. Germany's idea of what her Continental ambitions Might be. (13)
8. Facilitate furniture removals. (7)
9. Result of being wrong headed. (7)
11. A trail I see to the verities. (9)
12. How the R.A.F. walk back when exalted? (5)
13. Shows that the rent is covered. (7)
14. .1-ly. (7)
15. Metamorphosis of a sea rat into a goddess. (7)
18. Renders one insensible to local matters. (7)
21. Perfectly insignificant creature. (5)
22. Should describe an unused paint tin. (9)
23. A sort of check, perhaps, on an umbrella. (7)
24. Applies to a massive kernel, materially speaking. (7)
25. Cut out by the Yankee Clipper no doubt. (13)

DOWN

2. The beginning of a rising man? (7)
3 & 17. What to take on the average. (7)
4. The Company was of this part of the world. (9)
5. Means nominally. (5)
6 & 19. Suggests that P.C.s are all-together tidy people. (7)
7. Does it hit one on sight? (7)
8. Occupation of those engaged in drives. (11)
10. He would hardly give a truthful record. (11)
14. Reverse of adverse university vote. (9)
16 (rev.). An uppercut, as it were—foiled perhaps? (7)
17. See 3. (7)
19. See 6. (7)
20. Accidentally modulate. (7)
22. Strip for entertainment. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

SIMON'S APPEAL FOR SMALL SAVINGS—COPPER SHAREHOLDERS' DISAPPOINTMENT—WALL STREET AND THE WAR

KEYED up by Mr. Keynes to expect some bold financial operation, the City could not fail to be disappointed by Sir John Simon's obsequious appeal this week to the small investor. I admit that Mr. Keynes's pyrotechnic display, with the glittering set-piece of compulsory savings, did not meet with a good City reception, but this does not excuse Sir John Simon's damp squib. If the Chancellor obtains £150 millions in twelve months from the new Savings Certificates and 3 per cent. Defence Bonds he will be lucky. What is the war costing? It is probably not a bad guess that it is costing already about £6 millions a day. The last war was financed largely out of loans—and inflation. To finance the more ruinous one to-day without inflation it will be necessary, as Mr. Keynes argues, to do something more than appeal to the private investor. It will be necessary to reduce the standard of living of the great middle classes and to restrict or defer the gain in the standard of living of the wage-earning classes. This can hardly be done voluntarily: it will have to be done by compulsion—or inflation. Mr. Keynes's scheme of compulsory savings was ideal, if somewhat severe in the scale of deductions from income. Neither the City nor the public at large has yet realised the magnitude of the financial sacrifices which this war entails. If Mr. Keynes's articles were good propaganda, preparing us for the shocks that are coming, Sir John Simon's speech was the worst propaganda we could have, for he allowed the small investor to live on in his dream-land of generous yields. Next month, of course, Sir John Simon will appeal to the big investor in the City. It looks as if he is already rejecting Mr. Keynes's plan and preparing the ground for the great inflation.

* * *

It has been my humble duty in these articles to destroy the old-fashioned idea that an investor should buy ordinary shares as a hedge against inflation in wartime. If Mr. Keynes were Chancellor of the Exchequer (why *isn't* he?) we might avoid inflation altogether, but if inflation comes the majority of equity shares will bring the holders no extra profit. I have already given my objections to steel and oil shares. Now let us consider base metal shares other than tin. Investors have been buying copper and lead-zinc shares for years as a hedge against war or inflation or both. But what happened on the outbreak of war? The Ministry of Supply, having taken on responsibility for the control of raw materials and the allocation of supplies between Government and civil users, set up a Non-Ferrous Metal Control and made Captain Oliver Lyttleton, the managing director of the British Metal Company, their Controller. It was an astute move for his companies, namely, British Metal and Henry Gardner, the constituent companies of Amalgamated Metal, were directly or indirectly controlling practically the entire Empire production of base metals except the copper of International Nickel and that of the Rhodesian producers. Moreover, International Nickel and Rhokana were represented on the British Metal Board. Thereupon Captain Oliver Lyttleton negotiated and completed a wonderful deal for the British Government. He bought forward the entire output of the copper and lead—zinc mines in the Empire (Rhodesia and Canada included) for the duration of the war at the prices ruling at the beginning of the war. And he secured an option to the Government to break the contract in twelve months if peace were declared. I do not know how many millions of pounds this deal may yet save the Government but the prices fixed for standard and electrolytic copper were around £46 and £50 respectively per ton and the American price to-day for electro is 41 cents a lb. or £78 per ton, which implies a saving on the basis of peace-time consumption of about £7,000,000 a year already.

* * *

It is entirely right and proper that we taxpayers should make this saving and we are grateful to Captain Lyttleton. I am not suggesting that the copper shareholders have any cause for grumbling. Their companies will be able to produce at nearly full capacity for the duration of the war (their present quota is 105 per cent. of standard tonnages); they will obtain a fixed price which allows them a generous margin of profit, and, as the Government buys f.o.b., they will be relieved of the anxieties of shipment during this period of ruthless U-boat warfare. Consider their costs of production, which are the lowest in the world, according to the latest returns: Roan Antelope, £18 16*s.* 10*d.*; Mufulira, £21 2*s.* 5*d.*; and Rhokana, £21 17*s.* 5*d.* per ton for blister (Rhokana £23 16*s.* 5*d.* per ton for electro). These costs afford large profits and the only worry for the managements will be taxation. The gross profits will rise, but there will be a fall in net profits as a result of higher income tax and Excess Profits Tax. As the Rhodesian copper companies were developing and increasing their profits in the basic years 1935/37, they will be badly hit by E.P.T., particularly Rhodesian Selection Trust, which, holding less than 90 per cent. of Mufulira's capital, will be liable to double taxation. The increase in income tax and the change in the method of collecting Northern Rhodesian tax, which involved the payment of 1½ years' taxation in the past year, have already had the effect of reducing the Rhokana and Roan Antelope final dividends for the year ending June, 1939—Rhokana from 37½ per cent. to 25 per cent. (making 50 per cent.) and Roan from 10 per cent. to 5 per cent. (making 15 per cent.). Having regard to the uncertain effect of taxation on future earnings, I think the market is valuing Rhodesian copper shares on a fairly optimistic basis:

	Present Price	Est. Gross Earnings with 100% Quota	Last Div. %	Gross Div. Yield
Roan Antelope, 5/-	14/1½	25	15	‡£5 17 0
Rhokana† £1	10⅜	76	50	‡£5 18 0
Rhodesian Selection Trust. 5/-*	14/4½	25	16.67	£5 16 0

* Has 64 per cent. interest in Mufulira.

† Has 32 per cent. interest in Mufulira and about 50 per cent. in N'Changa. Also owns an electrolytic refinery.

‡ Equivalent gross yield, after allowing for an approximate Dominion income tax relief.

The main point I wish to emphasise is that these copper shares can no longer be regarded as a hedge against inflation. Their selling price for copper has been fixed for the duration of the war—their costs may rise.

* * *

Why has Wall Street disappointed the investor? There are several good reasons. First, it is just waking up to the fact that we are not waging this war just to bring profits to American business men. That this is a shock is apparent from the headlines of most financial journals in the United States. For example, the *Business Week* of October 21st: "*With the restraining influence of peace scares lifted* markets appear ready to give effect to gains in business and profits." Secondly, liquidation from British holders has been sufficient not only to set a limit to any rise but, as one American friend wrote to me, to make the American investor disinterested in the market. Thirdly, apart from war orders being disappointing, there is a general expectation that after climbing to 120 (or more) the Federal Index of Production will decline to around 100 in the first quarter of 1940. The market will probably discount this prospect for the rest of the year—until the seasonal tax-selling is completed. This is food for thought for the British holder of American securities—and for the British Treasury.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, November 26th, at 11 a.m., DR. C. E. M. JOAD, M.A.: "THE INDIVIDUAL VERSUS THE STATE: THE CASE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Morning service only. Sunday, November 26th, at 11, VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "FAITH AND HOPE."

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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BYRON HOUSE SCHOOL, The Orchard, Huntingdon Road, CAMBRIDGE (formerly of Highgate Village, N.6) is established as a co-educational preparatory boarding and day school for children, 3–13 years. Particulars from Secretary. Cambridge 3817. A class is also open for children in London at 5 North Grove, Highgate. MOU. 6403.

OAKLEA, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (recognised by Board of Education) removed (for duration of war) to NESS STRANGE, Nr. Shrewsbury. 90 boarders taken in exceptionally safe country district. Girls 7 to 19. P.N.E.U. Programmes followed. Handicrafts, gardening, riding. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

HALSTEAD PLACE, Sevenoaks (recognised preparatory) has moved to "a'Beckett's," Littleton Panell, WILTSHIRE, for duration of the war. 18 acres. Ages 7–14. After Christmas, girls only.

CUDHAM HALL SCHOOL, now at Paccombe House Harcombe, Nr. Sidmouth, offers a happy home and school to boys and girls 2–12 years. Beautiful country, 3 miles from sea. All-round progressive education. Entire charge. Apply PRINCIPAL.

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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 16 Wedderburn Road, N.W.3, has re-opened for the time being at: Sunnydale, Torcross, Nr. Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Torcross 254. Usual staff retained, boys and girls at all ages from 4–14. Fine airy house on the shore in safe neighbourhood. The Principal: MRS. E. PAUL, Ph.D.

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